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The APOGEE

SENIOR ACROPOLIS

MAY, 1918

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Newark, N. J., April 11, 1918.

Mr. B. F. Thomas,
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Newark, N. J.

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I wish to make it entirely clear that my donation is to be applied to admission fees only and my responsibility ends with that payment.

(Signed) EDITH M. HOLMES.

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Dedication

TO

Miss Charlotte I. Pullin

our loyal adviser and cheerful friend

do the Editors of the "Apogee"
most affectionately dedicate
this issue.

The Acropolis

A PAPER BY THE STUDENTS OF BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

MAY TWENTY-THIRD, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

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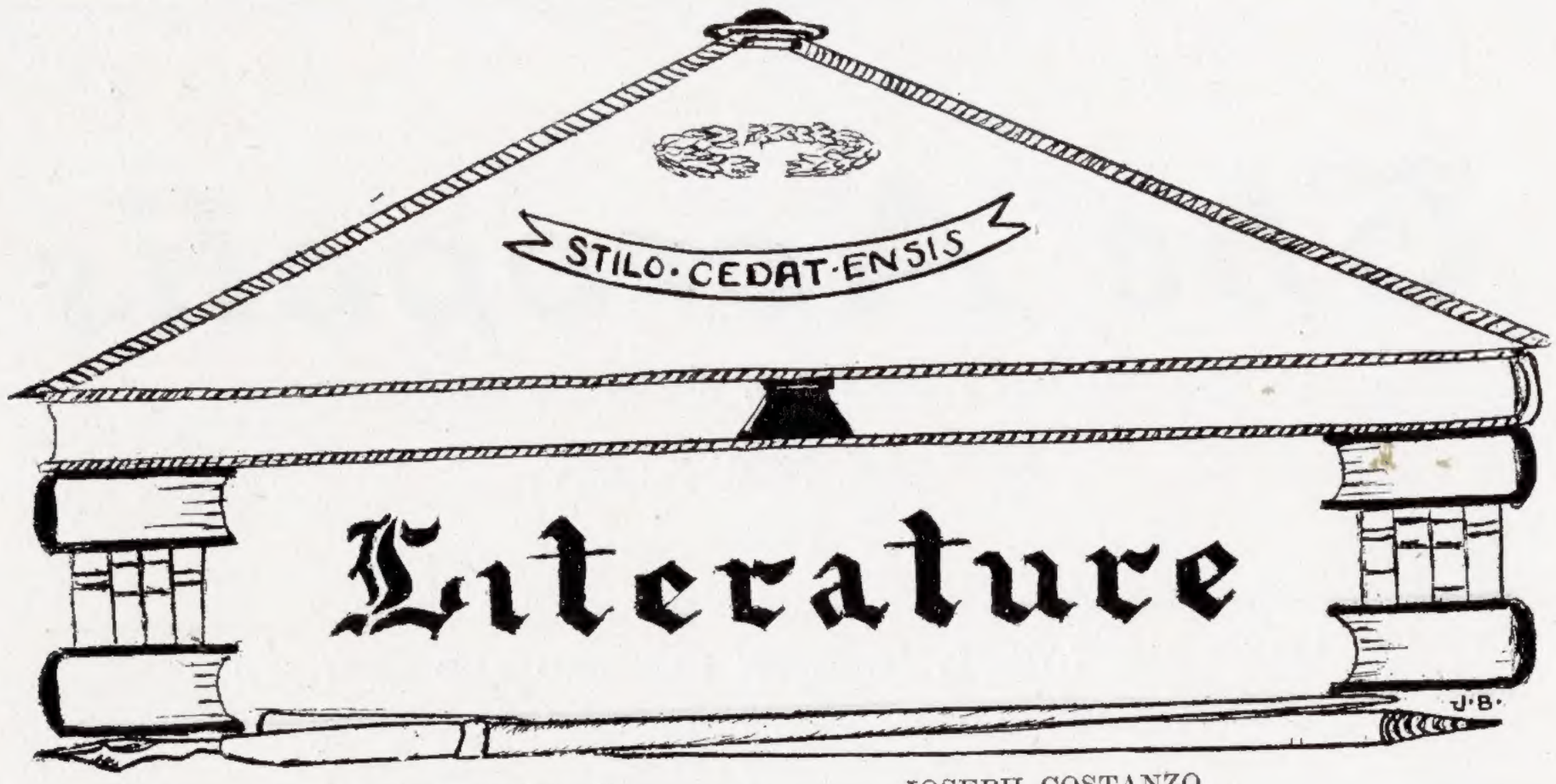

MARY FISHER, *Ch.*
FRANCES GROSSEL

JOSEPH COSTANZO
MILDRED HAMMEL

"A Surprise for Vivian"

By Frances Grossel.

"FAH Massy's sake, chile, what be yah doin' now? Holy Jehosophat, but yah do scare me."

Vivian crept from under the bed.

"I've just been storing Aunt Claire's 'surprise' where it won't meet my sight every minute of the day. I hung it up in the closet when I received it, but every time I went to get anything it would loom up before my sight. Now, I've put it where it will stay until I find a new habitat for it."

"What in da name o' common sense be yah talkin' about, chile?" burst forth Huldy, in dismay.

"Do you remember Aunt Claire promised in her last letter to send me a surprise just before commencement? Well, it has arrived and it shall stay in no other place but under the bed. It's supposed to be a commencement gown, but really it looks more like a relic of the mediaeval ages. It's made of heavy white material covered with heavy cream lace, that looks positively ancient. Aunt Claire urgently requests that I wear the dress commencement night. Well, I must say she has little sense of propriety. I know she paid a fabulous price for it, but I simply won't wear it. Picture me, Huldy dear, walking down the aisle with this dress," and the distressed Vivian immediately proceeded to take the dress from its voluminous wrappings after having taken it from under the bed.

"I don't care an iota what Aunt will say, I'll never wear that dress. Thank goodness, she's in California where she won't know whether I do or not. Now, Huldy dear, tell me what you think of the relic."

Huldy was a colored woman who had practically reared Vivian from infancy. Vivian's parents had both died within three years after her birth. With her inheritance she had lived with her faithful old nurse. Now, Huldy's love for Aunt Claire was not very intense. Aunt Claire on her visits was prone to become dictatorial in her attitude toward Huldy. This Huldy resented because she was not accustomed to being treated as a servant, but as one of the family, a fact which aunty could not bear and be quiet about it at the same time. Consequently the good old nurse was not reluctant to give her frank opinion of the dress.

"Well, darlin', I'se tell yah. If I be you, I would be plumb scared to wear that there dress, fearin' I would not get mah diploma in it. I do sure think so, darlin'."

Huldy's face assumed such a lachrymose expression that Vivian nearly convulsed with laughter. It was so like her to become very serious when giving any opinion of her own, even though the subject in question was far from serious.

"You should see the letter Aunt Claire sent. Just as full of wise old sayings as usual. It's positively silly the way she keeps preaching the same things to me. She's extremely fond of those two sayings, 'Nip sin in the bud. It is easier blowing out a candle than a house on fire.' 'He who avoids the temptation avoids the sin.' I grant these are excellent sayings, but it does get on one's nerves to hear them all the time. The quotations plus an elaborate account of the costliness, beauty, etc., of the dress make up her letter. Now, isn't that typical of Aunt Claire?"

"Listen, Vivy darlin'," put in Huldy, as if struck by a brilliant idea, "there's no sense in havin' that there dress hangin' aroun'. Jist give

it to our wash woman's chile. She had no dandifyin' ways and will like it."

"That's a good idea. Aunt will never know. She said the climate in the East was not good for her, so I suppose she won't come to visit us very soon. We will send the dress to the girl, but won't let her know who sent it to her, just to see how she will take it."

So accordingly, Peggy Ryan was presented with the much abused dress.

Several days later, Vivian received a somewhat effusive letter from her bosom friend, Georgiana. It ran:

" * * * and I wish you would see the dress our wash woman presented me with. She told me some one had given it to her daughter who thought it was simply awful. The mother thinks it's simply gorgeous and can't imagine who was so foolish as to send it to her daughter. She attributes her daughter's dislike to her ignorance of style. Vivian, I wish you could see that dress. It's a scream. It looks as if it were made a la Francaise, 'way back in 1700. The lace is absolutely ridiculous. I wonder who could have sent it to the wash woman. But I think I shall soon be bereft of this antique. Mother knows a man who is very fond of collecting antiques of all sorts. He lives in Denver. Mother has suggested that I send it there. He certainly will appreciate this."

Vivian ruminated. "Well, if that isn't the limit. No doubt, Georgiana was struck by it the same way I was. Goodness knows that connoisseur is perfectly welcome to that dress. There it will be safe and sound, free from all abuse. I'm so glad I never let Peggy Ryan know I sent her the dress."

Commencement came and went. Vivian, in a soft, flowing gown, had made a beautiful picture. What a contrast to the Vivian in Aunt Claire's would-be commencement dress.

Vivian had almost forgotten about her aunt's "surprise" when one day she received a letter accompanied by a large bulky package. She knew they were both from her aunt. With shaking fingers she tore open the envelope and read:

"My dear,

I have sent you another most wonderful gift. While visiting in Denver last week I happened to come across a connossieur of various types of laces. And, what do you suppose I found? A dress exactly like the one I sent you several months ago. I bought it immediately. You don't know how fortunate you are in possessing two such priceless dresses. I don't know how it ever happened that there are two such dresses in creation, but there are at any rate. You can have the second one remade so that you may not become tired of them. It will be very gratifying to me to see you in them when I come East. Now, my dear, I hope you appreciate what I've done for you.

Affectionately,

AUNT CLAIRE."

"Well, of all the luck, if that isn't the worst. I suppose I am doomed to be the possessor of that odious gown."

Patriotism

BY MILDRED HAMMELL.

IN its very beginning, Denton had been a German settlement. Even now, in the twentieth century, a large part of the population consisted of hard-working, thrifty Germans. During the first years of the great war the former nationality of the citizens made no difference in their relations toward each other. As before, the older generation, French, English, or German, as they might be, worked together in perfect accord, while their children attended school, forgetting all claims of other lands in the more immediate matter of being Americans.

Of all the boys at Denton High School, William Holz was undoubtedly the most popular. *Will* stirred his companions to ambition in athletics. *Will* took the leading part in all the school dramatics. *Will* carried off the prizes for scholarship. He was at once the pride of his classmates and the joy of his teachers.

Curiously Will had selected as his especial comrade and confidant, the quietest plodder in all the school, Fred Hull. From the beginning of their friendship they were so constantly together that among their friends, they gained the title of "Damon and Pythias." So life went on in Denton till our two young friends were in the final year of their course.

Then one morning huge, black headlines screamed from every paper that the United States had declared war on Germany. Suddenly the mighty conflict had come close to each and every American.

That morning in Denton High School an excited knot of boys, gathered in the lecture room, was discussing the event in awed tones.

"Do you think," ventured Harwood Atkinson, a youth who was never entirely satisfied with other people's management of affairs, "that it was necessary to declare war?"

His companions glanced at each other nervously, taken aback by what seemed to them near treason.

"Necessary?" thundered a voice from the outskirts of the group. "If it were *your* mother and sisters lying at the bottom of the ocean to-day, maybe you'd think it was necessary, Harwood Atkinson. Do you think that any people

who fight that way are fit to stay on this earth? I don't. The Germans—

"But Fred," interposed Tom Garrison, turning to the speaker, "Will is a German. He's always said he loved the Fatherland."

"Why—why—so he is," gasped Fred weakly.

From that moment an odd coolness entered Fred's manner toward Will. The latter said nothing until one day they were strolling by the lake.

Then he burst out, suddenly, "Listen, Fred. Something is worrying you. Can't you tell a fellow what it is?"

"No, there's nothing." Fred's color and shifting gaze belied his words.

"Fred, I know there's something. Is it about the war?"

Fred nodded.

"Has it anything to do with me?"

Another nod.

"Then it's because I'm a German?"

Without waiting for an answer, Will hurried on.

"It is any merit of yours that your parents are English?"

Fred shook his head.

"Then you can scarcely call it my *fault* that my parents *were* German."

"You really feel that way?"

"Yes."

"Shake," huskily from Fred. Ten minutes later they were playing ball, as if no more serious thought had ever entered their heads.

Soon graduation was upon them, bringing with it their entrance into a new world. Each had announced his intention of entering college. Could any of their friends have followed the boys on the day of their departure, they, the friends, would have been amazed at the criss-cross way the travelers adopted in reaching their respective Alma Maters. In fact the routes ended at no college door.

Fred rode for a few miles east, then changed to a southbound train. In a certain large city he presented himself, after due formalities, to a dignified official.

Will rode in the opposite direction. He also, after certain formalities, presented himself to a dignified official.

Within the small, quiet room, an elderly man seated at a desk was speaking to a younger man standing before him.

"You understand," he concluded, *"that the spy must be caught."* By a nod he closed the interview.

I will not tire you with the details of how the net closed about the long-sought German spy, Harold Warren, alias—but let us wait and see.

At any rate a few days after the above-mentioned interview, two men walked into the small room. One kept slightly behind the other, his hand on his companion's arm.

The man at the desk looked up, "Your name, your real name?" he inquired.

"Frederick Hull," was the sullen answer.

After a few more questions the prisoner was led away.

"Well done, my boy," complimented the superior. "Why, what's the matter? You're ill?"

"He was a school friend of mine," Will Holz answered. His face showed the shock and pain he had undergone.

Little more remains to be told. Mr. Hull, Fred's father, was born in Prussia, Germany. When a young man he was sent by his government to England for his education. Thus he acquired English manners and customs. When thoroughly Anglicised, he was ordered to move to America. There he was to pose an an ardent Englishman, meanwhile gathering all possible information. He was very successful, so successful that he educated his son, Fred, with the same vocation in view. Fred entered the game, if possible, more whole-heartedly than his father. He had been willing, while yet a school boy, to sacrifice even his dearest friendship in order to avoid the slightest suspicion of loyalty to Germany. All his cares, however, were of no avail, and he was caught early in his career, as we already know.

So we shall leave them, Fred, the supposed-English traitor, and his German-American friend, the true patriot.

TO SPRING.

Come, thou lovely Springtime,
I hear thy song sublime,
I hear thy rain patter
And thy birds do scatter
Each tiny twig is green,
Lo, a power unseen.

I feel sap surge within
For work is to begin.
Each thing is fresh and free,
Each thing that I can see.
The sailing clouds are blue
And everything is new.

Come, then and let each one
Never his wee bit shun,
But smile and happy be
Thou joy and liberty
Shall be thine for to-day,
To-morrow, a smoother way.

MARION R. SMITH.

Who Knows?

By Joseph Costanzo.

"GHOSTS? Forget it, I'm getting the shivers, boys. Cut it out."

"Look at him, fellows, he's afraid of ghosts. Did you ever see one, Phil?"

"Well, seeing that *you* aren't afraid of them, I'd better tell you about one gentleman ghost I met, or rather heard. So light up, and listen, and cut out throwing pillows until I'm through.

"You remember, Al, that little house I had up in New Hampshire? The one with the funny roof and the stone dogs, where I trimmed you at chess. Well, I used to go there once in a while to get away from this rough house and imitation life, and to get a taste of real living. I used to hunt, fish, and fuss around the kennels, and in the evenings, I used to go up to the library where there was a dandy first edition collection of all the ghosts stories ever written and then some—Poe, Martio, Moiseau and so on down the creepy storywriters' list. My grandfather and my own father were wild over those mystery stories, you know, and I sort of liked them myself. I never was afraid, then, of course but—"

"Listen, listen, he wasn't afraid! Tell it to the judge. I'll bet you used to sleep with your head under the blankets."

"Shut up, Fred, and give me a chance to talk. Well, anyhow, it was late one November night, about half-past eleven. I was reading Poe's 'Raven.' It begins something like this:

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of
forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my
chamber door.'

"Well, that just describes my condition. There I was, away up in a lonely library of a lonely house. The servants were all asleep. Imagine my feelings when I heard a knock at the door! I thought I must have been mistaken, but no, there it was again, this time quite distinct. I got up, went to the door, and opened it. No one there; yet I thought I felt something brush past me, and the sensation of having cobwebs drawn over my face. I shut the door again. To all appearances I was alone in the room. 'Who could have knocked? Only the wind against the windows perhaps,' I thought. With such arguments I dismissed the subject, and my fears. I tried to read, but in vain. Always there was that consciousness of being gazed at from behind, that we have all experienced. I imagined I could see faces and figures in the bookcases, on the curtains and all around me. Under the strain, I broke down and gave vent to my feelings in a great yell, and I collapsed upon the floor. Believe me, fellows, I certainly was scared. My teeth were chattering, I could feel the hair on the back of my neck bristle up and something like a cold, clammy hand seemed to go up and down my back.

"For a few minutes that seemed an age to me, everything did its worst to frighten me. Imagine yourself a nervous wreck, with winds outside howling and whistling, banging doors and shutters, and driving hail against your windows and you can understand my situation.

"After a while, there came a lull in the storm. I could hear a faint rustle, like the rustle of leaves in a wind, growing louder and louder all the while. Pretty soon I could make out, or thought I could, a few words: 'Doubt not the manifestation of the soul, for it is His work, and who are you to doubt Him? Let not—'

"That's all I can remember about that, though I do know that for weeks I was delirious. The cries had brought my servants who had found me unconscious. Take my word, boys, I'm not going to forget those words soon. Sometimes I wonder, though, whether it was all a result of my ghost-befuddled mind or whether it was really a ghost. *Quien Sabe?*"

Friends

By Altha Gray.

THE afternoon sun lay warm and dazzling over the serene buildings of Heidelberg University one day in the month of May, 1914—a day full of the haunting charm of spring and fragrant with the odor of blossoms and of budding things. Two lounging students leaned from an upper window and drank in the sweet air as if they could not get enough of it. One of them was a big blonde German with short, bristling hair and a ruddy face, the other a slender, brown-haired young Englishman with a pleasant smile and a splendid set of strong white teeth. These two friends although entirely different in tastes and temperament, were great chums and had been for two years. Tom Greyleigh, son of Lord Greyleigh of England, had

traveled much—he had studied in England and Paris, and was finally completing his studies in Heidelberg.

William Krueger was not of the nobility and perhaps he lacked also some of the veneer and refinement to which young Greyleigh had been born and bred, but in spite of all, the two young men were quite inseparable. They shared all their joys and sorrows, helped one another out of scrapes which were not few, and borrowed one another's belongings freely as only the best of friends can.

On this lovely May day both were feeling rather languid, and continued leaning out of the window and gazing vacantly into space until Greyleigh, the first to show any semblance of life, stretched his arms and gave a mighty yawn.

"Great day," he remarked lazily, "makes a fellow feel as if the world isn't such a bad place after all."

"Who said it is?" queried his friend.

"Oh, well, sometimes I get sort of blue and think what a bally, rotten old hole it is and—"

Krueger cut short this pessimistic speech with a hearty laugh.

"Don't be gloomy, my boy," he said gayly, "why, just think, you'll soon be back in England again."

"Yep, and you'll be with me, don't forget that," he chuckled. "Won't I have a great time showing you London, though. Ah-a- (another yawn)—"yes, life is good."

Once more the two lapsed into reverie.

* * * * * *

Three months later in the great, magnificent home of Thomas, Lord Greyleigh, the terrible news was received of the war between England and Germany. William Krueger, who was making the promised visit, and young Greyleigh, were standing together on the veranda when the tidings were first brought to them. For a minute neither spoke, stunned by the awfulness of the blow, and the realization of what it meant to them both—then: "Pardon me," said Krueger abruptly, "I'll see you later." And turning he went into the house. He avoided the family as much as possible, but the next morning he met his chum at the breakfast table.

"Tom," he said simply, "I go away this morning."

"So do I," was the laconic answer.

Krueger raised his eyebrows.

"For—

"Wherever my country chooses to send me." and two hours later the two friends parted at the great gates of Greyleigh house with a brief good-bye and a wring of the hand.

* * * * * *

It was many months later that Tom Greyleigh found himself with many others of his countrymen "somewhere in France," in a trench over which there stretched a gray and cheerless sky, and in front the deadly regions of No Man's Land. Tom had learned to hate the "Hun" as had in fact all the civilized world by that time, with a deep and bitter hatred—to hate him for ravaged Belgium—for bleeding France—for the hundreds of innocent women and children mercilessly murdered, and for the thousand and one wrongs which the Allies and even the neutral nations had suffered at German hands. It seemed to Tom when he thought it over that this great hate had even killed his love for William Krueger, for was he not one of that vast army which had committed the most frightful atrocities ever heard of in the history of the world? Tom sometimes brooded moodily over these things but there were times too when he longed with fierce intensity for the happy days at college—for the peaceful days—peace! Would it never come again?

One morning in the early dawn, word was passed around that a German attack was expected, and to be ready for it. Fifteen minutes later heavy firing commenced from the enemy trench and continued steadily. The Germans then made a bold attempt to take the English trench but were so heavily repulsed that they were obliged to retreat hastily. While the constant boom, boom, of exploding shells sounded all about him. Tom Greyleigh, looking over the top, where the morning light was beginning to fall softly on No Man's Land, beheld a sight that in spite of the many heartrending scenes he had witnessed in the last few months, filled him with the greatest horror. For across the cruel, sharp, barbed wire, lay a German soldier, apparently alive, but too badly wounded and weak to free himself. His head was thrown back, his helmet was off. Tom strained his eyes for a closer scrutiny, then he recoiled with horhor at the fearful realization that the man was no other than William Krueger! In a flash his affection for his former college chum rushed over him—he could not and would not let him suffer thus any longer. With a mad impulse he scrambled out of the trench and before anyone could stop him had rushed straight into the thick of the enemy fire. Firing on both sides ceased instantly while German and Englishman breathlessly watched Thomas Grayleigh lift his dying friend gently from the barbed wire and started slowly back with him. Then suddenly a bomb, thrown by a treacherous Prussian, fell and exploded close by and Tom Greyleigh fell beside William Krueger in No Man's Land.

They were buried side by side with the usual wooden crosses marking their graves, but someone had rudely carved on the cross above Tom Greyleigh:

"Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friend."

How Could You, Henry?

By Burke Boyce.

HENRY WALLINGTON RICHMOND was very miserable as he splashed through the pouring rain; he was wet all over and little streams of water were running down his neck. He might have turned up his collar, but as he felt that he could be more miserable with water running down his neck, he let it alone. In the first place, he had just escaped from an hour of detention—and an hour of detention on a rainy day would make anybody gloomy; he had flunked all his subjects that day, too; but that wasn't all—indeed, not—Henry had undergone those trifles before. But the great affliction now pressing on him was the fact that he had been invited to a week-end party at Greenwood Lake; he had been invited by Henrietta Blackman, and there were going to be at last a dozen other high school friends there. Ordinarily he would have refused such an invitation, but this time "the bunch" had pleaded with him so earnestly that in a wild moment, he accepted "with pleasure." The whole trouble was that Henry was bashful and very imaginative. Although he was popular enough, he never could, even after four years of high school, enter a room full of people without wanting to turn and run. And now, as he trudged along with the water trickling in rivulets down his neck and making him (as he felt) a perfect picture of misery, he imagined all sort of things.

He saw himself entering the dining room of the cottage and tripping over the door sill—he saw all his friends rise and jeer at him; he saw himself dropping the butter; he saw himself—and so Henry Wallington Richmond made himself very comfortably wretched.

* * * * * * *

Two days later on the old Erie the whole crowd was gaily riding away from school and thoughts of school. Henry was with them, laughing and talking with the rest—so long as he wasn't where he was conspicuous he didn't mind. They were talking about plays they had seen.

"Oh, dear," young Mary was sighing, "I do so wish I could see 'The Pineapple' again. I think the hero was wonderful."

"I don't see what you saw in him," replied Henry, "I couldn't bear him, for my part."

"Humph! I guess he was as good as any you've seen, Mr. Henry Wallington Richmond."

"Well, don't let's fight about it," Henrietta broke in, with all the tact of a finished hostess. "Speaking about 'bear,' do you know what Henry's mother was telling me the other day? (This to punish Henry for his part in the 'Fight.') No? Well, she told me that when Henry was a little boy he used to love to play bear, and he looked so cute crawling around under the table on his hands and knees. She said she could see him any time she closed her eyes, with his cute little curls, and dimpled smile—"

"Say, have a heart," this from Henry.

"There's no denying you're a well-read man to-day," laughed Ernest Hathaway, looking with sinister meaning at Henry's neck.

And so it went all the way out to the lake, everybody jolly and out for a lark. All, that is, except our hero, who sat almost silent, shuddering whenever anyone, looking out of the window with a grin, would exclaim.

"Oh, I see a bear."

Once arrived at the house, however, the boy's spirits rose. He hustled around, getting his things all properly fixed, and was the first to appear in the big dining room at the call for supper. As he entered the room, he brushed against the door-jam. Something caught, then ripped! He gasped, turned red, and looked for the awful breach. He soon found it, not so bad after all—the belt outside his coat had caught on the latch, and the buckle had come loose under the strain and fallen to the floor. But for Henry Wallington Richmond to sit down at a table with a crowd of people with his coat-belt loose was an utter impossibility. So with a prayer that he might find the lost buckle before the others came in, he dropped to his knees. After a time he spied the fatal object under the table, and scrambled after it. At this instant the dining room door burst open, and all the bunch appeared on the threshhold. Henry, half frantic, tried to leap lightly to his feet, struck his head on the table, and fell back onto his hands and knees, surveying the laughing group with a pitiful expression.

"Henry! Wha—what are you d—doing?" Henrietta managed to gasp finally.

It was at this critical moment that Henry Wallington Richmond made the cleverest remark of his life. Lifting one hand majestically from the floor to scratch his ear he replied with utter seriousness:

"I? My dear Miss Henrietta, *I* am playing bear!"

Poor Henry! If he had only been able to join in the frantic gale of merriment that followed, he might have recovered, but Henry Wallington Richmond was much too sensitive to do any such thing. He felt that he had been laughed at, ridiculed, and he grew more and more embarrassed as he thought of it. In fact, that night he dreamed that he was sitting on the back of a bear which was wildly trying to climb up on a table.

By the time he was up next morning, he had decided to atone for his foolishness, and be as gay and care-free as any of them. At the break-

fast table it soon became apparent that the table episode had been forgotten. Plans were being made for the day. Mrs. Blackman, who was chaperoning the party, had bought a copy of the *Daily Yelp*, and was reading the news of the different affairs aloud.

"The paper says that there is good fishing up at the other end of the lake this week," she remarked, "and that there will be a dance at the 'Viol—Inn" to-night. What do you say to going fishing to-day, and canoeing over to the dance to-night?" They all agreed joyfully, and Mrs. Blackman, laying down the paper, looked around for more plates to fill, and found one.

"Henry, if you'll pass John's plate, I'll give him some more cereal. I can see he wants some."

Henry, anxious to show that he was not such a boor as he had seemed, reached eagerly for the plate. In fact, he reached so eagerly, that he tipped forward slightly in his chair. Now it happened that the floor was slippery, so the chair, forced by the boy's weight, tipped and began to slide gayly from under him. But Henry, not wishing to depart from such company in such an undignified way, grasped the tablecloth firmly in his hand to keep himself up. But the cloth failed him, and parted company with the table. Henry slid with a thud to the floor, followed by all the breakfast and the screams of the party. The result was that Henry remained at the cottage and cleaned egg and cereal off his clothes while the others went fishing.

That night Henry got to the dance safely and enjoyed himself thoroughly. He danced well, talked entertainingly, acted like a courtier. In fact, he behaved so nicely that little Mary Hathaway, Ernest's sister, began to think that he might be worth while after all. So when Henry asked her to go home in his canoe, or rather the one he had charge of, she consented.

They started out gayly on the short homeward paddle. She sat in the bow, he in the stern. The moon, shining down on the lake, powdered the waves with shining silver. The soft breeze fanned their cheeks and twisted Mary's hair into delightful little knots. Each one sat wrapped in his own thoughts. But at last Henry spoke.

"Mary."

"Well, Henry?"

"Er-eh—this is a fine night, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's wonderful, just wonderful."

"Not only the night is wonderful, Mary."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean—well—oh, hang it all, I mean that you're a wonderful girl, Mary—so sweet and pretty and everything."

"Why, Henry, I never thought—"

"I know you didn't, but you do now—don't you—can't you—care a bit?" (Henry remembered having heard this sentence at a theatre once, and thought it sounded very fitting.)

Mary giggled slightly. She had heard that very sentence at the theatre too, in "The Pineapple," but Henry didn't hear her.

"Mary, just tell me you care a bit—do"—he leaned suddenly toward her.

"Look out!" she screamed.

Too late! With a gurgle and a splash, the canoe turned majestically over, spilling its sprawling occupants into the briny deep. But they could both swim, and were soon pulled into other canoes, but not before Henry had heard Mary murmur, presumably to herself, "Isn't it a shame to have one's fires of love quenched in such a sea of misfortune?"

The next morning Mrs. Blackman warned everyone to be careful in sitting down, as she had spread flypaper all over. They heeded her warning and all went well. They were to leave that afternoon on the four thirty-four, so that all went out on the lake for a last paddle before eating dinner. But Henry, remembering the "fires of love" stayed at home "to pack up." It was afternoon when he heard the bunch laughing and talking as they came up from the boathouse, and wanting to appear as if he had been enjoying himself, he seized a book that lay nearby and sank into a chair. The crowd come trooping up the path, Henrietta in the lead.

"Come on in and get something to eat, Henry," she called, we haven't much time. Henry rose—and hastily sat down again. For in rising he discovered that he had become attached to a piece of flypaper—almost as attached as had been to Mary the night before.

"Er—er—no, thanks, I don't feel like eating just now," he replied. "I'll just sit out here and read."

"Oh, come on in, Henry," called two or three of the boys.

"Let's drag him in," shouted John.

"Righto."

The situation was becoming tense. Henry was almost panting with fear.

"No, no, no! Please, fellows, I'm not a bit hungry—i—in fact, I don't feel very well, and even the smell of food might make me worse—you understand, don't you? Of course (this on an awful gamble) I'll come in if you really must have me, but—"

"Well, no, if you don't feel well, old boy, stay right where you are. We don't want to disturb you. Sorry you're not fit, though." And they went on.

And as Henry leaned back and mopped his brow he certainly did *not* feel fit. "Whew," he remarked, "Never again." While up in his room removing the offending flypaper, Henry could smell the delicious odor of peach and rhubarb pies, and once more he murmured, "Never again!"

But still, as Henry bade his hostess and Henrietta adieu at the station, four hours later, he was heard to exclaim, "I'm so glad you invited me * * * I had a fine time!"

THE ACROPOLIS

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* Absent in U. S. Navy.

THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1918.

EN AVANT!

The hour is approaching towards which we have all been eagerly looking for four years. But now that it is actually upon us, we fain would put off the great moment of graduation, and remain a little longer in the school where we have spent so many pleasant hours.

But since that is impossible, we will go forward bravely to do our duty in the world outside, whatever it may be. To some of us that will mean service in the army or navy; to others, business; to others, college; but whatever we do and wherever we go, let us remember the Class of June, '18, and our motto, *"En Avant,"* and try to be worthy of both.

As we are saying the final "good-byes," we must not forget our teachers—the friends who have helped us along the way. Now truly, when

we think that no more shall we listen to their teachings, that no more shall we sit before them in the class room, do we begin to wish for those hours we have spent in fooling, or in sleeping, while we might have been gaining some knowledge. We can never tell our beloved faculty, with Mr. Stearns and Miss Dean at their head, how much we appreciate all the blessings which they have, mayhap, forced upon us during these four years, but we can please them better by making ourselves worth something in the world for which they have tried to fit us. They will be rewarded much more by our deeds than by torrents of words.

This is no time to look back over our deeds or misdeeds, but a time to look FORWARD to greater, much greater things than have occupied our thoughts in the past. We can do no good by dreaming of the past, save to learn by our mistakes, but by dreaming of the future we may sometime make those dreams come true! The whole world is looking forward to bigger and better things after this war, and as you and I who will be in a position to do things then, we also must look forward and anticipate the changes for which the world hopes. And we cannot prepare ourselves to take up the burden of reconstruction if we are continually looking backward.

Then, classmates, friends of June, '18, let us bid a fond good-bye to our dear old Alma Mater, and sally forth into the world with courage, hope, and determination, and always press forward toward the mark of our high calling.

PATRIOTISM.

Patriotism is the most vital force in our country to-day; it is the thing which Uncle Sam expects of every American whether man, woman or child. It is the source of all the unselfish sacrifice and loving service which have helped so much to make our country what she is and what she always will be. And so we, the Class of June, 1918, tried to make patriotism our guiding principle through all our four years of high school life, especially in this last year when we have had the power to put it to the best use. We feel that we may say without undue pride, that our patriotism has been something more than lip service, for we have placed our funds and our energy where we believe they will best help our country in her great task. Trivial as it may seem to some, the giving up of class day *was* a sacrifice for us, who have looked forward to it for so long. We do not mean to boast of our superiority, for we know we have only done out duty, but may we not hope that *patriotism* made manifest by *service* may also be the star which will guide the future classes of Barringer High.

IT'S UP TO YOU.

WE all know, some of us to our sorrow, that there are thieves in Barringer. Whether few or many no one knows, but they are here, just the same. Hardly a fortnight goes by which does not bring news of a fresh assault upon our pocketbooks and the school's honor. And at every new mention of this shameful pilfering, Mr. Stearns has told us, and very truthfully, too, that we could stop this thing at once if we wanted to.

We can't expect to accomplish anything by pleading with these sneaks to remember the honor of the school, or even their own honor. Surely boys who have sunk so low as to steal Liberty Bond posters and Allied flags would be immune from any sense of shame. Nor could they be expected to stop their thieving because ordered to do so. No, it isn't up to the guilty ones—it's up to *us*.

If you saw a robber climbing into your neighbor's house you'd certainly let the police know, wouldn't you? Of course. And if a sneak thief stole into your own house you'd do your best to beat him up, wouldn't you? All right, the same thing applies to the school. Oh of course, there is the old argument about not wanting to "squeal" on any one of your schoolmates, but that is foolish. The robber you hand over to the police is your fellow-citizen, isn't he ? But by that act of robbery he has forfeited his rights to citizenship. The same is true of the school thief. As soon as he attempts to steal from you or your neighbor, he is no longer regarded as belonging to the school—he is an outlaw, and you are breaking no code of honor in telling on him. If it were some small offense it would be different, but thieving is too serious to trifle with. Besides, if you see any one stealing and do not have him caught, *your* desk, pocketbook, or notebook may be the very next one to suffer. Why spare the thief so that he may have an opportunity to steal *your* valuables?

We know that the pupils of dear old Barringer will see the truth of Mr. Stearns' arguments, as they always do, and will unite as one person in spying out and ridding the school of these offenders.

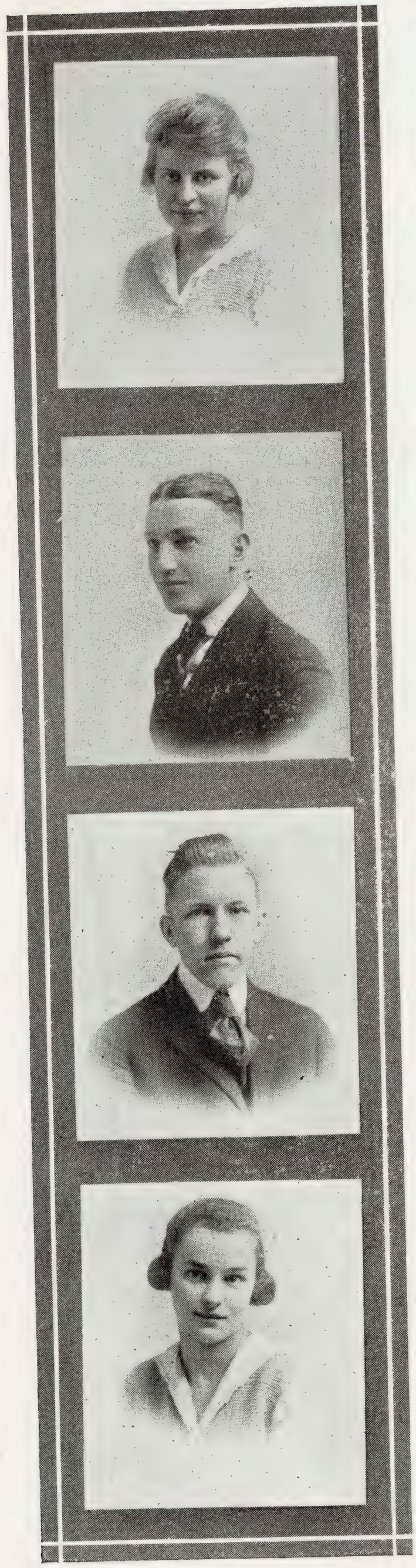
APPRECIATION.

The editor and associates wish to take this opportunity to thank publicly the Chairmen of the Senior ACROPOLIS for the splendid and efficient way in which they have conducted their different departments.

We think, also, that special thanks should be given to Miss Mary White, Chairman of Class Knocks, for the work which she has so cheerfully done in preparing two-thirds of the copy herself, and to Miss Katherine Sayre, who was the first and most successful non-board member in procuring advertisements.

SENIOR ACROPOLIS BOARD.

Class Notes



ATZ, HELEN — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

44 Nairn Place. Undecided.

"To know her was to love her,
And love but her forever."

Alliance Française; Circle Française; Gym. Captain; Gym. Exhibit; Red Cross; Girls' Patriotic League; Surgical Dressings; Sigma Tau Alpha.

* * *

BASSIN, SAMUEL — COLLEGE GERMAN

62 Howard Street. College.

"Then he will talk, ye gods! how he will talk!

German Club; Red Cross; Junior Industrial Army; Science Club; Mathematics Club; Glee Club; Athletic Association.

* * *

BAUCHELLE, RICHARD — COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN

754 Mt. Prospect Avenue. Colgate.

"He the young and strong, who cherished
noble longings for the strife."

German Club; Swimming, '16; Secretary of Discussion Club; Red Cross; Senior Pin and Ring Committee; A. A.; Alpha Sigma; 3A Social Committee.

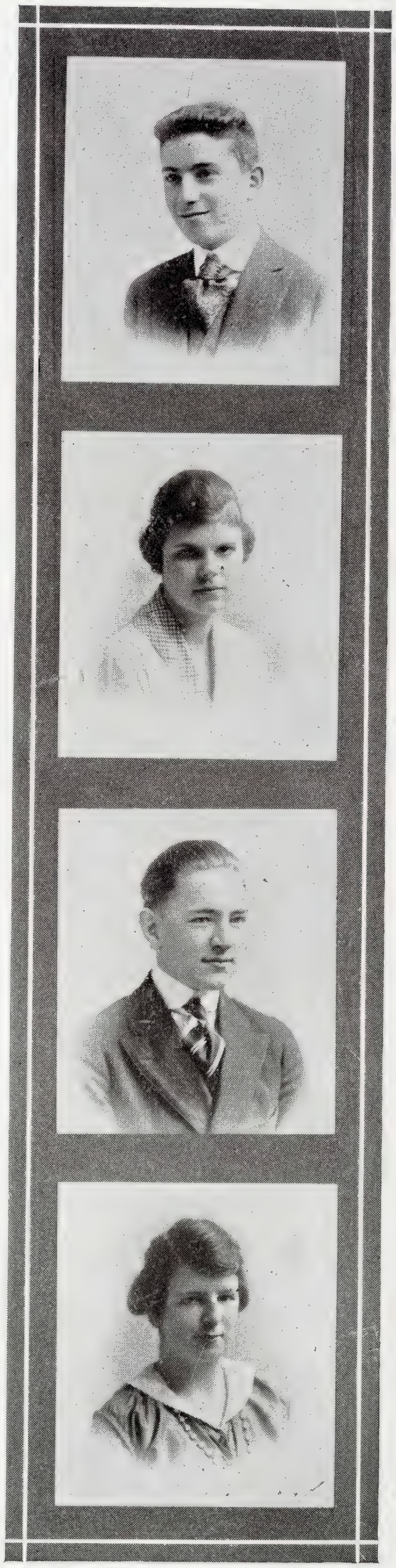
* * *

BENDER, ETTA — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

377 South Orange Avenue. Columbia.

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

Alliance Française; Circle Française; Girls' Patriotic League; Red Cross; Surgical Dressings; Liberty Loan Subscriber; French Reception Committee; Membership Committee of Rostrum; Science Club; Rostrum; Senior ACROPOLIS; Gym. Exhibit.



BERG, MORRIS COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
92 South Thirteenth Street. Columbia.

"To do easily what is difficult for others
is a mark of talent."

French Club; Senior ACROPOLIS; Varsity Baseball, '17, '18.

* * *

BETHARDS, ELIZABETH COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
12 Gould Avenue. College.

"She meant no wrong to any—she tho't the good
of many."

Chairman Flower Committee; Freshman Welcoming Committee; 4B Sociable; Senior ACROPOLIS; French Circle; Alliance Française; Surgical Dressings, '17; Red Cross; Gym. Captain; Pin Committee; Sigma Tau Alpha.

* * *

BIRDSALL, ELIOR COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN
766 Parker Street. Cornell.

"A youth light hearted and content
I wander through the world."

Junior Industrial Army; Red Cross; German Club; Science Club; A. A.

* * *

BOLLES, ELIZABETH GENERAL LATIN
618 Clifton Avenue. Normal.

"I have no other but a woman's reason
I think it so because I think it so."

Gym. Captain; Class Motto Committee; Red Cross Work; Glee Club; Girls' Patriotic League.

BOTELLI, GRACE — GENERAL GERMAN

257 South Seventh Street — State Normal.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with
And pleasant too, to think on."

Science Club; Gym. Exhibition, '16; Red Cross; G. P. L.

* * *

BOYCE, BURKE — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

50 Second Avenue. Harvard.

"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print."

Editor ACROPOLIS, '17, '18; Editor Senior ACROPOLIS; ACROPOLIS '16, '17, '18; President French Circle, '17, '18; President New Jersey High School Editors' League, '17, '18; Custodian of Thalians, '17; Executive Committee Thalians, '18; Thalian Plays "Generous Grouch," "Gringoire," "Learned Ladies"; Treasurer Boys' Glee Club, '16; Chairman Class Dance Committee, '17; Chairman Membership Committee of Rostrum, '17, '18; Chairman French Sociable Committee, '16; Chairman Class Motto Committee; Representative of French Circle at Annual Meeting of French Alliance, '18; Chairman Freshmen Welcome Committee; Freshmen Reception; Class Pin Committee; Radio Club; A. A.; Lambda Tau.

* * *

JOSEPH BROWN.

* * *

BROWNING, CAMILLA — GENERAL LATIN

153 North Third Street. Secretarial Course.

"I laugh not at another's loss,
I grieve not at another's gain."

Red Cross; Surgical Dressings; Science Club; Glee Club; Girls' Patriotic League.

BRYDEN, JACK — GENERAL GERMAN

35 St. Paul Avenue. Steven's Institute.

"The mildest manners with the bravest mind."

Football Squad, '16, '17; Track Squad, '17, '18; Swimming, '17; Member A. A., '15, '16, '17, '18; ACROPOLIS BOARD, '17, '18; Senior ACROPOLIS; Red Cross; Treasurer 4B and 4A; Junior Industrial Army.

* * *

CAIRNS, GRACE — GENERAL LATIN

746 Ridge Street. Secretarial Course.

"Cheeks like the mountain pink,
That grows among white headed majesties."

ACROPOLIS; Senior ACROPOLIS; Gym. Captain; Gym. Exhibit; Red Cross; Girls' Patriotic League; Sigma Tau Alpha.

* * *

CAPRIO, ANGELINA — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

217 Lake Street. Pratt Institute.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows
by the wayside
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath
the dark shade of her tresses."

Chairman Class Color Committee, '17; French Club, '16, '17, '18; Reception Committee and Sociable Committee; Secretary Rostrum, '17; Vice-President Rostrum, '18; Publicity Committee Rostrum, '17; Radio Club Secretary, '17; Thalians, '17, '18, part of "Martine" in "Learned Ladies"; ACROPOLIS, '16, '17, '18; Chairman Art Department; Senior ACROPOLIS; Glee Club, '17, '18; Red Cross; Surgical Dressings; G. P. L.; Completed course in three and one-half years.

* * *

CARUSO, JERRY — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

19 Hoyt Street. Business.

"Master of his fate."

French Club; Red Cross; Italian Club.

COHEN, FRANCES — GENERAL GERMAN
10 East Fairmount Avenue. Musical Career.

"There was music all about her."

Red Cross; Officer Jewish "Lit.," '15; Glee Club, '16, '17, '18; G. P. L.

* * *

COSTANZO, JOSEPH — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
77 Garside Street. Univ. of Vermont.

"Great thoughts, great feelings came to him
"Like instincts unawares."

French Club; Italian Club; Science Club; Senior ACROPOLIS; Prize Essay, '16; Thalians; First and Second Liberty Loan Drives; Red Cross; 4B Sociable Committee; Minstrel; Beta Phi Alpha. Completed course in three and one-half years.

* * *

COZZONE, MILDRED — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
239 Camden Street. Business.

"There was a little woman and she had an earnest soul.
And she said to the soul, 'Let us try, try, try!'"

Secretary Science Club, '17, '18; Vice-President French Circle, '17, '18; Delegate to the meeting of the Alliance Française; Gym. Captain; Girls' Patriotic League; Red Cross.

* * *

CRECCA, FLORENCE — GENERAL GERMAN
213 Eighth Avenue. Undecided.

"Yet would we keep thee in our heart,
Would fix our favorite on the scene."

Red Cross; Surgical Dressings Club; Italian Club, '16.

CRECCA, JOSEPH COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
213 Eighth Avenue. Univ. of Penn.

"He knew what's what and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

French Club; Science Club; Italian Club; Red Cross; Athletic Association; First and Second Liberty Loan Drives; Beta Phi Alpha.

* * *

CROOKS, WILLIAM COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN
299 Sussex Avenue.

"Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned in schools."

Red Cross; Baseball, '16, '17, '18; Captain.

* * *

DICK, LEWIS GENERAL GERMAN
42 Columbia Avenue. Business.

"His only books were women's looks,
And folly's all they taught him."

Science Club; Mathematics Club; Senior ACROPOLIS; Barringer Discussion Club; Sigma Phi Fraternity.

* * *

SAMUEL DIENER.

DOUTHERT, ANNA — GENERAL FRENCH

186 North Ninth Street. Secretarial Course.

"A soul, so full of summer warmth,
So glad, so healthy, sound and clean and whole."

French Club, Alliance Française; Science Club; Secretary Glee Club, '16; Red Cross; Girls' Patriotic League; Flower Committee; 1B Welcoming Committee.

* * *

EHRING, NANETTE — GENERAL GERMAN SAVAGES

"She was active, stirring, all aglow."

Gym. Captain, '15, '16, '17, '18; Meet, 16; Exhibition, '15, '17; Baseball, '14; Red Cross; Capuccine Art Club; Basketball Captain, '14, '15, '16, '18; 4A—1B Chorus.

* * *

ETHERIDGE, WINIFRED — GENERAL GERMAN

30 Oraton Street. Bishopthorpe Manor, Pa.

"A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer day."

Gym. Captain, '18; Gym. Meet, '16; Swimming, '17; Gym. Exhibition, '17; Glee Club, '16; Red Cross; Surgical Dressings Club.

* * *

EVERTZ, ALVIRA — GENERAL GERMAN

22 North Eleventh Street. Pratt.

"Is she not more than painting can express,
Youthful poets fancy when they love."

FISCHBEIN, ESTHER GENERAL LATIN

300 Camden Street. Secretarial Course.

"Up! up! my friend and quit your books
Or surely you'll grow double."

* * *

FISHER, MARY GENERAL GERMAN

100 South Eighth Street. Undecided.

"Endurance firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

ACROPOLIS Board, '17, '18; Chairman of Literature of Senior ACROPOLIS, '18; Thalians, '17, '18; Part of Cast in "Learned Ladies," '18; Glee Club, '16, '17, '18; Science Club, '16; Gym. Exhibition, '16, '17; Gym. Captain, '17, '18; Surgical Dressings Club; G. P. L.

* * *

FOSTER, DUDLEY COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

423 Fourth Avenue. Tuft's College.

"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain."

President Science Club; President Radio Club; French Club; Senior ACROPOLIS; Class Motto Committee; Red Cross; Class Dance Committee.

* * *

FRAZIER, CHARLES COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN

39 James Street. Morristown. Princeton.

"For where he fixed his heart, he set his hand,
To do the things he willed, and bore it through."

Football Team, '17; Track Squad, '17; German Club; Junior Industrial Army; Gold Football Committee; 3A Treasurer; 4A Class President; A. A.; 4B Social Committee; Lambda Tau.

GARDNER, EVELYN — GENERAL GERMAN

218 Summer Avenue. Undecided.

"You'd have known her by the merriment that twinkled in her eye."

Chairman of Class Notes Senior ACROPOLIS, '18; Glee Club, '16; Science Club, '17; Gym. Captain, '17, '18; Surgical Dressings Club, '17; G. P. L.; Gym. Exhibition, '16, '17; Basketball, '17, '18.

* * *

GLASER, FREDERIC — GENERAL GERMAN

406 Thirteenth Avenue. Undecided.

"An unextinguished laughter shakes the sky."

German Club, '15, '17, '18; Science Club, '18; A. A., '14, '15, '16; Mathematics Club, '17; Glee Club, '17; V. L. & Y. Association, '15, '16, '17, '18.

* * *

GLOVER, MARY — GENERAL GERMAN

101 Ninth Avenue. State Normal.

"All that ever was joyous and clear, and fresh
Thy music doth surpass."

Red Cross; Surgical Dressings Club.

* * *

GORHAM, DOROTHY — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

39 Myrtle Avenue.

"Your multifarious learning I do wonder at."

Thalians; Red Cross; Science Club; Senior ACROPOLIS Board.

GRASSO, RAYMOND COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
87 Mt. Prospect Avenue. Univ. of Vermont.

"There's mischief in this man!"

French Club; Science Club; Italian Club; Thalians; Glee Club; Athletic Association; Red Cross; First and Second Liberty Loan Drives; Beta Phi Alpha.

* * *

GRAY, ALTHA COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
141 Wakeman Avenue. Columbia.

"A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay!"

Alliance Française, '16, '17, '18; Chairman Lit. ACROPOLIS Board, '17, '18; Assistant Editor Senior ACROPOLIS; Thalians, '16, '17, '18; Executive Committee; part of "Belise" in "Learned Ladies" French Circle, '16, '17, '18; Reception Committee, '17; Secretary of Class, '17, '18; Red Cross; Girls' Patriotic League; Surgical Dressings.

* * *

GRIFFITH, GRACE GENERAL GERMAN
450 Norwood Street, East Orange. Normal.

"The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent."

Surgical Dressings Club; Red Cross; Gym. Exhibition, '16; Science Club, '17; G. P. L.

* * *

GROSSELL, FRANCES GENERAL LATIN
153 Clifton Avenue. Columbia.

"The poor rude world
Hath not her fellow."

Glee Club; Thalians; ACROPOLIS Board; Senior ACROPOLIS; Gym. Captain; Surgical Dressings; Science Club; Girls' Patriotic League.

HALPERN, SAMUEL COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
429 Broad Street. Post Graduate.

"Gratiano talks an infinite deal of nothing."

French Club; Science Club; Mathematics Club; Red Cross; Orchestra; Music Committee Class, Feb. '18; Minstrel Show.

* * *

HAMMELL, MILDRED GENERAL LATIN
35 Kearny Street. Normal.

"Ripe in wisdom was she
But patient and simple and childlike."

Red Cross; Surgical Dressings; Girls' Patriotic League; Glee Club; Home Library Circle; Gym. Exhibit; Science Club; Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

HARPER, ISABEL GENERAL LATIN
397 Summer Avenue. Normal.

"Her heart is as far from fraud
As heaven from earth."

Science Club; Glee Club; Surgical Dressings; Red Cross.

* * *

HAVIAR, MARTIN COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN
164 South Ninth Street. College.

"We love the lad for his honest way."

German Club; Red Cross; A. A.; Science Club.

HERBELL, CHARLES PARKER — GENERAL FRENCH

427 Third Avenue. Rutgers.

"His very looks draw crowds of women."

Football; Delta Pi.

* * *

HIGBY, CLIFFORD — GENERAL GERMAN

446 Fourth Avenue.

"For I am a fellow of no degree,
Given to romping and jollity."

Science Club; German Club; A. A.; Discussion Club; Junior Industrial Army; Alpha Sigma.

* * *

HIGGINS, WILLIAM — GENERAL GERMAN

476 North Sixth Street. Lehigh University.

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

Mathematics Club, '17; Radio Club, '17; Science Club, '16, '17, '18; Red Cross; Junior Industrial Army; Honorable Mention in Prize Essay, '17.

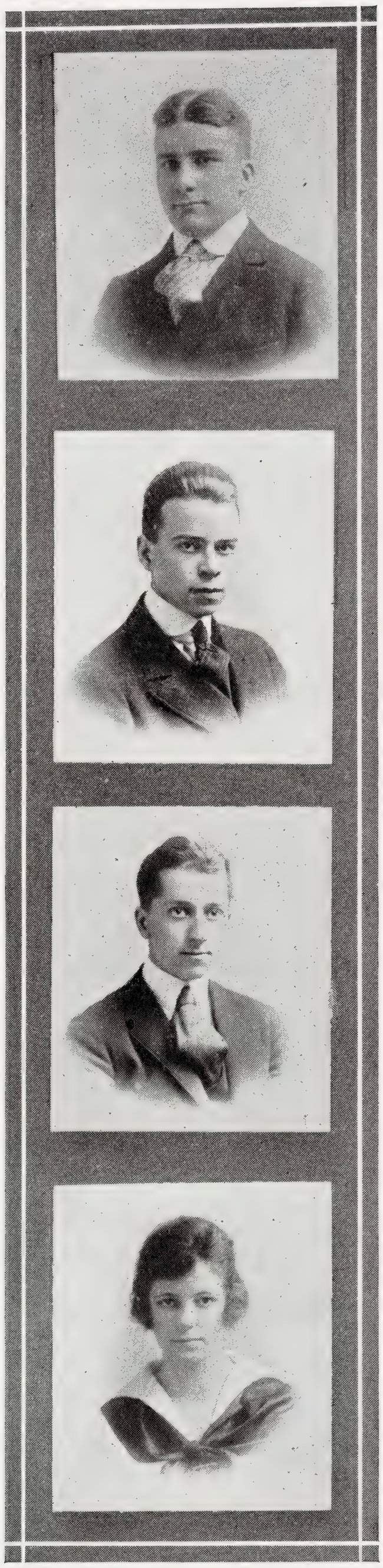
* * *

HOLTER, MADELINE — GENERAL GERMAN

116 Grafton Avenue. Undecided.

"With a smile that glowed
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue."

Gym. Captain, '17; Red Cross; Gym. Exhibition, '17; Sociable and Dance Committee; Class Day Committee; G. P. L.



HUMMEL, DAVID — COLLEGE PREP. — FRENCH
30 Wakeman Avenue. Undecided.

"A merrier man, neither the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Football, '15, '16, '17; Track, '16, '17, '18; French Club; Red Cross; Athletic Association; Theta Phi.

* * *

HUNTER, JOHN DESMOND — COLLEGE GERMAN
289 Park Avenue. College.

"He was so generally civil that nobody thanked him for it."

German Club; Red Cross; 4B Sociable Committee; Junior Industrial Army; Lambda Tau.

* * *

IZON, JAMES — GENERAL LATIN
213 North Ninth Street.

"And certainly he was a good fellow!"
Cross Country, '15, '16; Athletic Association; 4B Sociable Committee; Theta Phi.

* * *

JAMOUNEAU, DORIS — GENERAL GERMAN
388 Roseville Avenue. Undecided.

"O thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

Gym. Exhibition, '17; Red Cross; Basketball, '18; Hockey, '17.

JUDSON, GLADYS — COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN

301 Clifton Avenue. Normal.

"She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen."

Vice-President German Club; Gym. Captain.

* * *

JUNKER, NORMAN — GENERAL GERMAN

289 North Sixth Street. Annapolis Naval Acad.

"He ceased; but left so pleasing on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seemed
to hear."

Red Cross; Junior Industrial Army; Part in Thalian play "Learned Ladies"; Pres. of German Club; Rostrum Debating Team; Science Club; War Gardener; Chairman Personal Dept. Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

KALTMAN, FRANK — GENERAL GERMAN

401 Warren Street. Savages.

"He from whose lips divine persuasion flows."

Football Squad, '16, '17; Track Team, '16, '17; Glee Club, '16, '17, '18; A. A., '14, '15, '16, '17; Swimming, '16; Mathematics Club, '17; Science Club, '16, '17; Radio Club, '16, '17; Red Cross; Wrestling Club.

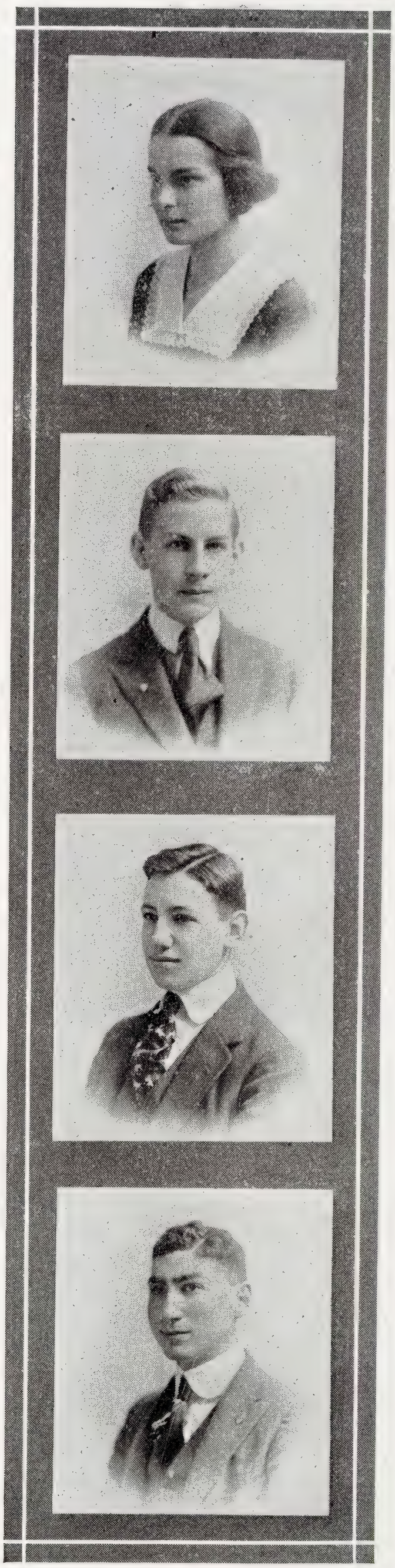
* * *

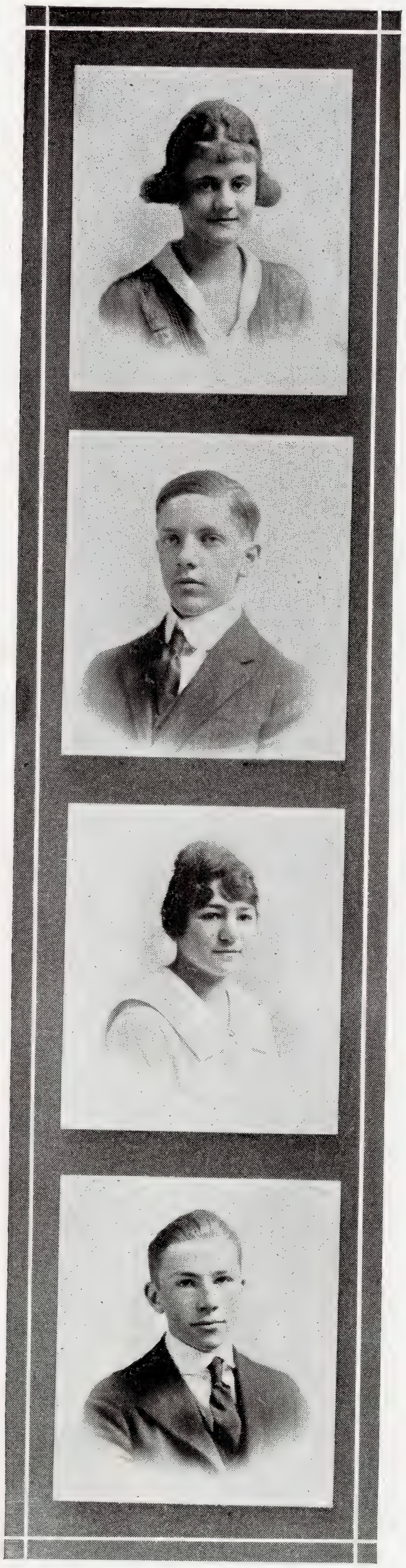
KLEINMAN, MORRIS — GERMAN

232 Sixth Avenue. College.

"He sat and bleared his eyes with books."

Cast, "Learned Ladies"; Science Club; German Club; Mathematics Club; Thalians.





KNUST, MAY — GENERAL GERMAN
Pratt.

"The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance."

Vice-President, '18; Basketball, '14, '15, '16, '18; Gym. Meet, '16; Swimming, '17; Gym. Exhibition, '17; Sociable Committee; Dance Committee; Receiving Committee, 1B Reception; Gym. Captain, '15, '16, '17, '18; Senior ACROPOLIS; G. P. L.

* * *

KOLB, IRA — GENERAL GERMAN
468 Warren Street. Undecided.

"A proper man, as one shall see on a summer's day."

Glee Club, '17; German Club, '18; Mathematics Club, '17; Science Club, '18; Red Cross; Junior Industrial Army, '17.

* * *

KOPELOFF, DOROTHEA — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
152 Bloomfield Avenue. Eavages.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Gym. Exhibit; Basketball; Field Hockey; Red Cross; Surgical Dressings; French Club; Alliance Française; Athletic Meet, '15; Gym. Captain; Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

LAWSHE, THURSTON — GENERAL GERMAN
365 Mt. Prospect Avenue. Undecided.

"There's a brave fellow
There's a man of pluck."

Tennis, '15, '16, '17; Swimming, '16; Assistant Manager Football, '14, '15; Science Club; Omega Gamma Delta.

LEWI, ALEXANDER G. COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN
Broad Street.

"A man of deeds and a lady's man as well."

Red Cross; Wrestling, '16; Track; Tennis; German Club; Athletic Association; Second Liberty Loan Team; Gamma Sigma.

* * *

LEVINE, SOPHIE COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN
35 Rutgers Street. Normal.

"Serene and resolute, and still,
And calm and self-possessed."

* * *

LIMPERT, ELMER GENERAL FRENCH
44 Broad Street. Undecided.

"True as the neeedle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun."

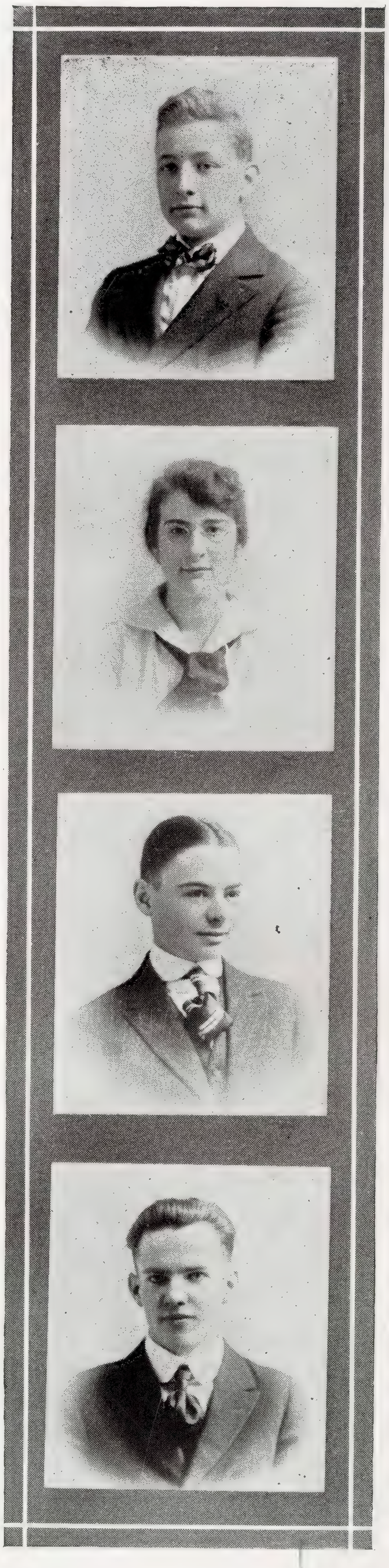
Baseball, '18; Red Cross; Athletic Association; Track, '15.

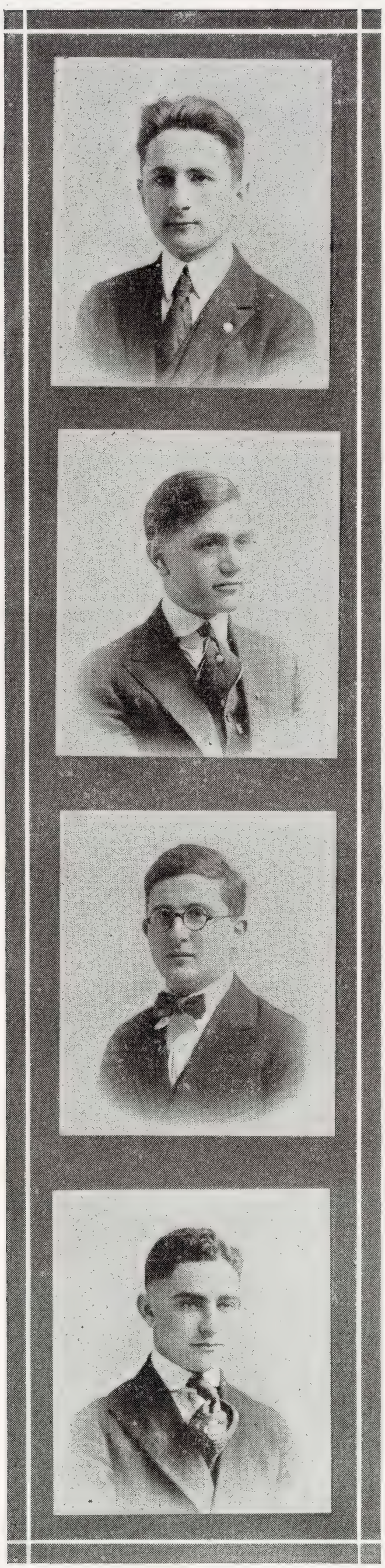
* * *

LINEHAN, RICHARD COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
14 Stuyvesant Avenue. N. J. Col. of Pharmacy.

'Oh this learning! What a thing it is!"

Vice-President Science Club; Track, '17; Red Cross; Circle Française.





LIPPMAN, ALFRED JULIAN — COLLEGE GERMAN
14 Walnut Street. U. S. Navy.

"He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side."

Junior Senior Debate 3A; ACROPOLIS Board; Chairman School News; 3A Business Manager; Associate Editor 4A; Assistant Football Manager; Baseball; Assistant Track Manager, '17; Track Manager, '18; Red Cross; Motion Picture Machine Committee; Prize Speaking Contest, '16, '17; Junior Industrial Army; Champion Second Liberty Loan Team; Mu Sigma Frat.; Radio Club; Mathematics Club; Chairman of Big Brother Movement; Chairman 1B Reception; Thalians; Rostrum; President Rostrum 4A.

* * *

LISENA, MICHAEL — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
229 Jefferson Street. N. Y. U.

"A pleasant youth with a pleasant smile."

Cross Country, '15; Red Cross; Track, '17; Circle Française; Italian Club; Beta Iota Alpha.

* * *

MANSHEL, MILTON — COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN
636 Mt. Prospect Avenue. Mass. Inst. of Tech.

"Exhausting thought, and living wisdom
with each studious year."

A. A.; Red Cross; French Club; German Club; Rostrum; Captain Debating Team; Asst. Business Manager ACROPOLIS; Business Manager ACROPOLIS; Business Manager Senior ACROPOLIS; Chairman Class Picture Committee; Thalians, part in cast of "Learned Ladies"; Champion Team Second Liberty Loan; Mu Sigma.

* * *

MARGOLIS, MORRIS — COLLEGE GERMAN
376 South Sixth Street. Business.

"Life is jest and all things prove it,
I though so once and now I know it."

German Club; Science Club; Athletic Association; Red Cross; Junior Industrial Army; Wrestling Tournament, '16; Cross Country; Track Squad; Omega Delta.

MARION, JULIUS COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN

322 Eighteenth Avenue.

"Nothing endures but personal quality."

German Club; Junior Industrial Army; Red Cross.

* * *

MASI, ANTHONY COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

34 Nassau Street. N. J. Col. of Pharmacy.

"Contented if he might enjoy
The things that others understand."

French Club; Science Club; Italian Club; Cross Country; Athletic Association; First and Second Liberty Loan Drive.

* * *

MCKENNA, OLVINIA GENERAL LATIN

137 Hunterdon Street. Normal.

"She was a vixen when she went to school,
And tho' she was but little she was fierce."

Science Club; Glee Club; Gym. Captain; Gym. Exhibit; 1B Welcoming Committee; Surgical Dressings; Red Cross; Girls' Patriotic League.

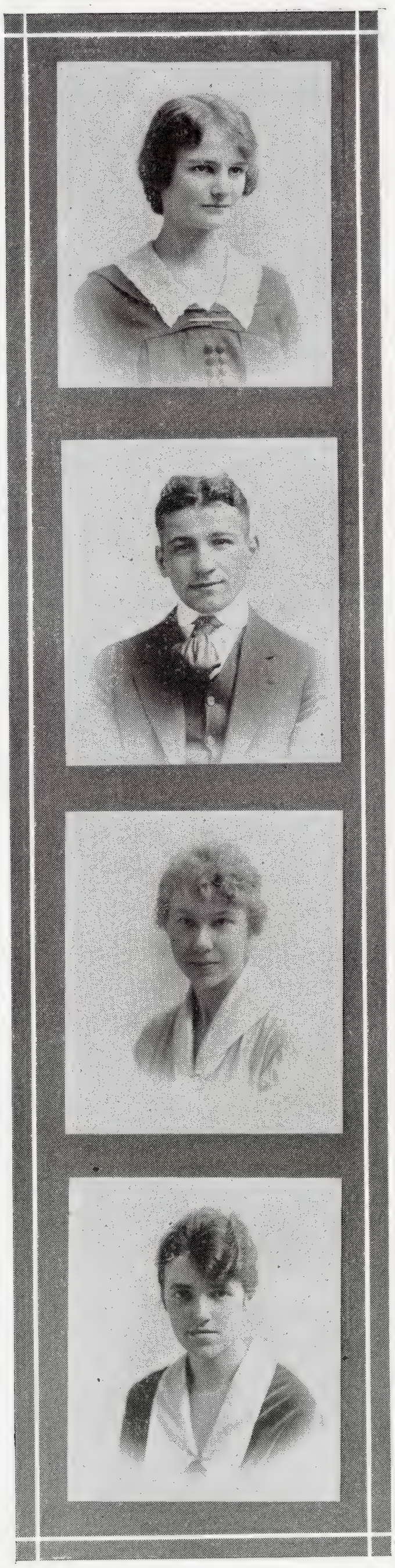
* * *

MCMAHON, EDITH GENERAL GERMAN

89 South Fourteenth Street. Normal.

"Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

Surgical Dressings Club; Red Cross; Glee Club; Science Club; G. P. L.



MENTZ, AGNES — GENERAL GERMAN

33 South Orange Avenue. Undecided.

"They're truly great who are truly good."

German Club; Glee Club; Science Club.

* * *

MICONI, LOUIS — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

64 Stone Street.

"How slight a chance may raise or sink a soul."

* * *

MILLER, LOIS — GENERAL GERMAN

65 Delevan Avenue. Normal.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Gym. Exhibition, '17; Class Constitution Committee; Gym. Captain, '17, '18.

* * *

MOFFAT, ELLINE — GENERAL LATIN

224 North Third Street. Normal.

"So unaffected, so composed a mind."

Gym. Captain; Gym. Exhibt; Girls' Patriotic League; Surgical Dressings; Red Cross; Hockey; Flower Committee.

MINK, MEYER — COLLEGE PREP. — GERMAN

119 Sixteenth Avenue.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

German Club, '18; Glee Club, '17; Senior ACROPOLIS; Wrestling Tournament, '16, 1st prize; Baseball Squad, '18.

* * *

MURRAY, GERTRUDE — GENERAL FRENCH

14 Lincoln Avenue. State Normal.

"Bid me discourse and I will enchant thee."

President Glee Club; French Club; Science Club; Gym. Exhibit; Red Cross.

* * *

O'CONNOR, HELEN — GENERAL LATIN

17 Taylor Street. Normal.

"Tho' she was on pleasure bent,
She had a frugal mind."

Science Club; Glee Club; Secretary Glee Club, '17; Red Cross; Surgical Dressings; Gym. Captain; Gym. Exhibit.

* * *

O'CONNOR, VIRGINIA — COLLEGE PREP. — FRENCH

92 North Seventh Street. Home.

"And heaven's soft azure in her eye was seen."

Alliance Française; Circle Française; Red Cross; Surgical Dressings; Girls' Patriotic League.

PALMER, THOMAS COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
18 Fulton Street. Stevens.

"Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow."

French Club; Science Club; Athletic Association; Red Cross; Track, '14, '15; Mathematics Club; Radio Club; Assistant Treasurer, '17; Delta Pi.

* * *

PATRICK, RUTH GENERAL FRENCH
100 Montclair Avenue. Home.

"And she is fair, and fairer than that word of wondrous virtues.

French Club; Science Club; Thalians; Committee Big Brother Movement; Committee 1B Reception; Red Cross; Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

PAULUS, GLADYS GENERAL GERMAN
80 Stuyvesant Avenue. Secretarial Course.

"Tis well to be merry and wise."

Glee Club, '17; Science Club, '17; Gym. Exhibition, '17; Gym. Captain, '17; Surgical Dressings.

* * *

PICKWICK, LAMBERT GENERAL GERMAN
624 Ridge Street. Cornell.

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

German Club; Science Club; A. A.; Discussion Club; Junior Industrial Army; Track, '16, '17, '18; Cross Country, '17; Red Cross.

POOLE, AGNES COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

618 Highland Avenue. Smith.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Glee Club; French Club; Alliance Française; ACROPOLIS; Senior ACROPOLIS; Surgical Dressings; Girls' Patriotic League.

* * *

RABONE, RUSSEL GENERAL GERMAN

106 Summer Avenue.

"High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

Science Club, '16, '17, '18; President Science Club, '18; Radio Club, '17; Mathematics Club, '17; Red Cross; Liberty Loan Drive.

* * *

RAWLINGS, FLORENCE GENERAL GERMAN

31 South Thirteenth Street. Undecided.

"Proserpine gathering flowers
Herself a fairer flower."

Science Club; Glee Club; German Club.

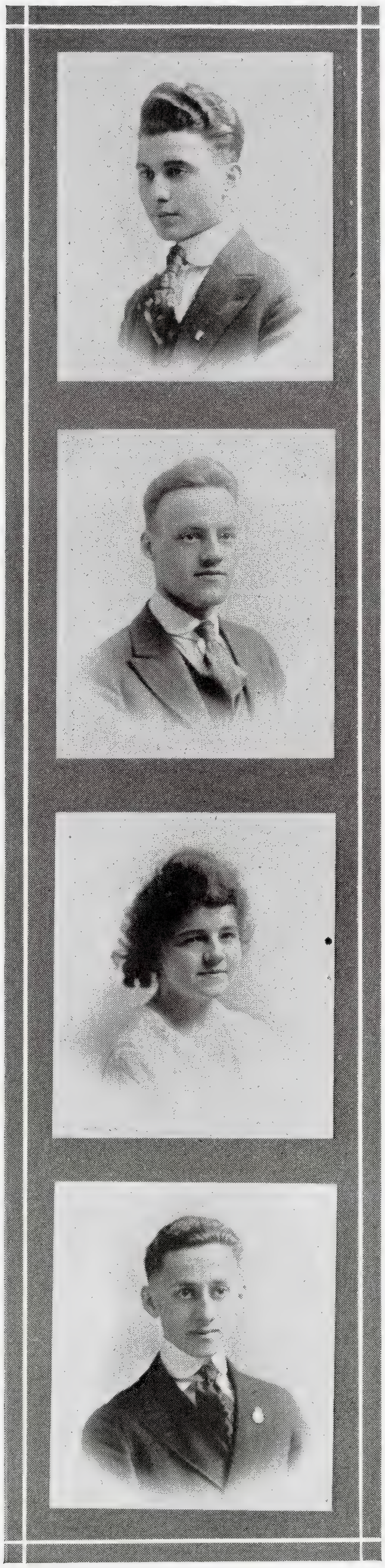
* * *

REICH, JEROME COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

286 Washington Avenue. West Point.

"Come, give us a taste of your quality"

Alliance Française; Red Cross; Science Club; Liberty Loan Drive; Upsilon Lambda Phi.



RICCARDI, GERARD COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
119 Mt. Prospect Avenue. N. J. Col. of Phar.

"A youth with an aspect unfearing and gentle."

Senior ACROPOLIS; French Circle; Glee Club; Science Club; Red Cross; Italian Club; Liberty Loan Drive; Beta Phi Alpha.

* * *

RITCHIE, LEWIS GENERAL GERMAN
77½ South Tenth Street. Yale.

"O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength."

Football, '14, '15, '16; Captain, '17; Baseball, '15, '16; Track, '14, '15, '16; Vice-President A. A., '17; Acting President German Club, '15, '16, '17; Science Club, '15, '16, '17; Delta Pi.

* * *

SAYRE, KATHARINE GENERAL LATIN
30 South Ninth Street. Secretarial Course.

"Beware of her hair, for she
Excels all women in the magic of her locks."

Gym. Exhibit; Gym. Captain; Class Day Committee; 1B Welcoming Committee; Red Cross; Surgical Dressings; Girls' Patriotic League; Chairman Class Color Committee; 4B Social Committee; 3A Social Committee.

* * *

SHAFFER, HARRY COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN
346 Littleton Avenue. College.

"Well spoken, neat and fine."

Science Club; German Club; Secretary German Club, '17; Thalian cast "Learned Ladies"; Rostrum; A. A.; Mathematics Club; Red Cross; Radio Club; Champion Committee Second Liberty Loan.

SCHLINK, ELIZABETH COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN

27 North Sixth Street.

"Happy I am, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all content like me?"

Science Club; German Club.

* * *

SCHLEUTER, MARGUERITE. COLL. PREP. GERMAN.

167 North 12th Street. Undecided.

"Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together."

ACROPOLIS Board, '17, '18; Senior ACROPOLIS Board; Surgical Dressings Committee, '17; Chairman 3B Sociable Committee; 3A Sociable Committee; Red Cross.

* * *

SEE, DOROTHY GENERAL LATIN

294 Grafton Avenue. Business.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

Red Cross; Girls' Patriotic League; Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

SHAPIRO, SAMUEL COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

354 Belleville Avenue. Undecided.

"Comb down his hair, look! look!
It stands upright."

German Club; Science Club; Glee Club; Senior ACROPOLIS; Red Cross; Athletic Association.

SHEEHAN, HELEN COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN

27 Gould Avenue. Columbia.

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."

3B Class Secretary; 3B Sociable Committee; 3A Class Secretary; 3A Sociable Committee; Surgical Dressings Committee; Chairman of Class Ring and Pin Committee; ACROPOLIS, '17, '18; Senior ACROPOLIS; Senior Class Day and Commencement Committee.

* * *

SILBERSTEIN, CHARLOTTE GENERAL GERMAN

39 Winans Avenue. Private Secty. Course.

"The liquid notes that closed the eye of day."

Glee Club, '17, '18; Surgical Dressings, '17; Red Cross; Food Conservation, '17; Science Club, '17; Gym. Captain, 16.

* * *

SMITH, MARION GENERAL GERMAN

71 Hallgmand Avenue, Lyons Farms.

"The fairest garden in her looks
And in her mind the wisest books."

Gym. Captain, '17, '18; Glee Club, '17, '18; Gym. Exhibition, '17; ACROPOLIS Board; Senior ACROPOLIS; Class Picture Committee; Surgical Dressings Club.

* * *

SMITH, MYRA GENERAL LATIN

208 Mt. Prospect Avenue. Secretarial Course.

"Smooth runs the water
Where the brook is deep."

Red Cross; Surgical Dressings.

SNOW, EDNA — GENERAL GERMAN
256 South Eighth Street. Drake Business Col.

"Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are."

* * *

SPALLONE, NANCY — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
123 Mt. Prospect Avenue. Vassar.

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight."

French Club; Italian Club; Science Club; Girls' Patriotic League; Surgical Dressings Com.

* * *

STORCH, WALLACE — GENERAL GERMAN
61 Arlington Avenue. Carnegie Institute.

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief."

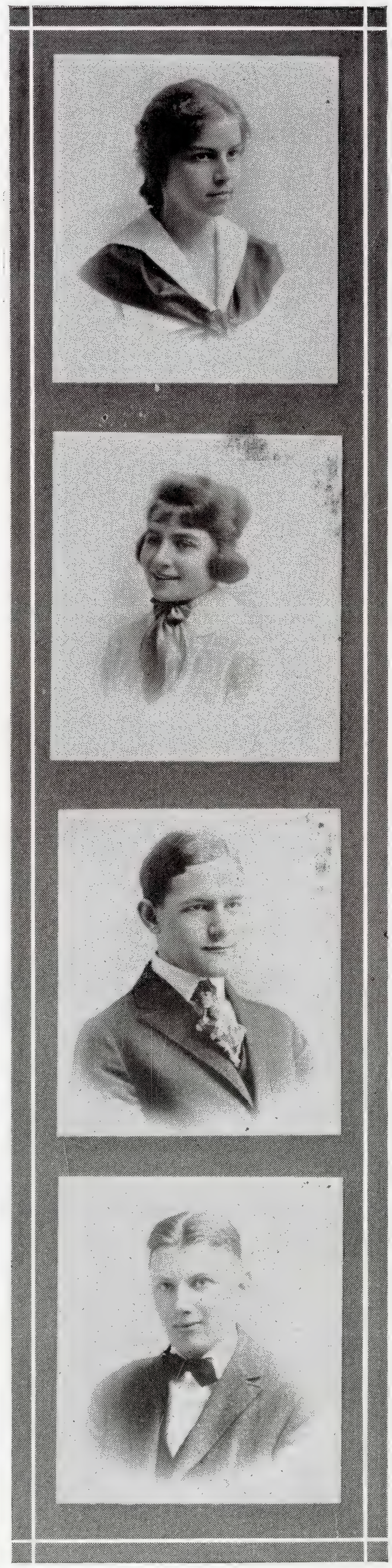
Science Club; Mathematics Club; Discussion Club; Football Squad, '16, '17.

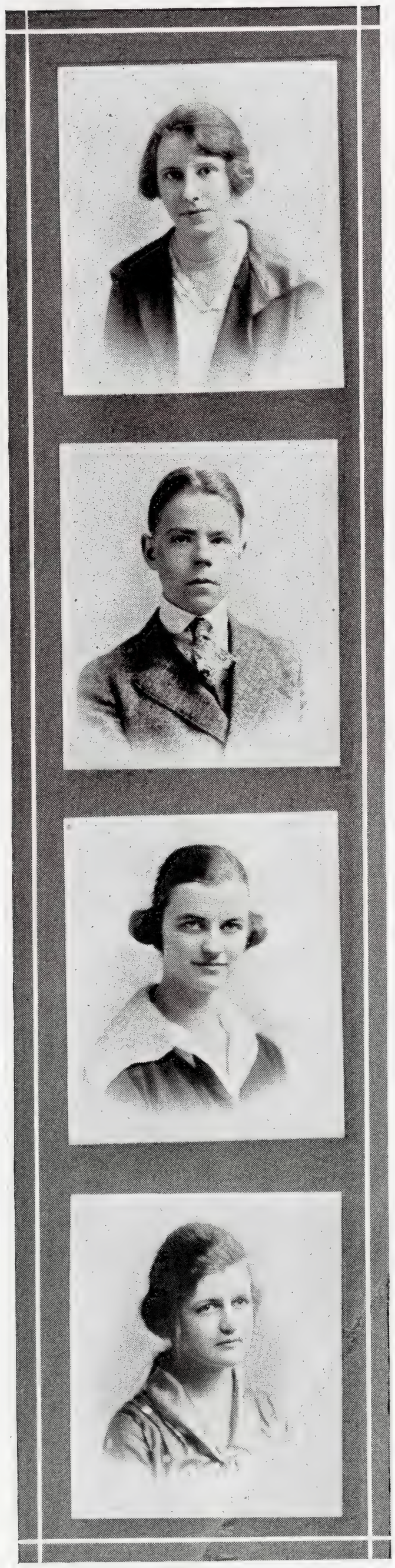
* * *

SUTTON, RAYMOND — COLLEGE GERMAN
22 North Fifth Street. Pratt.

"I am sure care is an enemy to life."

Red Cross; Baseball; Senior ACROPOLIS; Discussion Club.





TANTUM, HELEN

127 Chester Avenue. Normal.

"She was as good as she was fair."

Glee Club, '17, '18.

* * *

TAYLOR, WALTER — COLLEGE GERMAN

255 North Sixth Street. Williams.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

Mathematics Club; Executive Committee Thalians, '17; Custodian Thalians, '18; Cast, "Tradesman Turned Gentleman"; ACROPOLIS Board; Circulation Manager Senior ACROPOLIS; Assistant Circulation Manager Discussion Club; Mandolin Club; Red Cross.

* * *

THOMAS, MIRANDA — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

675 Highland Avenue. Wellesley.

"Better out of the world than out of fashion."

Basket Ball, '17, '18; Gym. Captain; Captain Masquerade Committee; Hockey Team; Social Committee, '17, '18; Moving Picture Committee; French Circle; Swimming, '17.

* * *

URQUHART, JEAN — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

342 Grafton Avenue. Post Graduate.

"Her smile was like a rainbow flashing from a misty sky."

3B, 3A 4B Sociable Committees; French Club; French Club Reception Committee; Surgical Dressings; Thalians; Gym. Exhibit, '16; Gym. Captain.

VanNess, Dorothy W. General French
22 North Fifth Street. Undecided.

"A daughter of the gods—divinely tall."

Science Club; Surgical Dressings; 1B Welcoming Committee; Gym. Exhibit; Red Cross; Girls' Patriotic League; Senior Acropolis.

* * *

Verpillier, Helen P. General French
31 Clark Street. Business.

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

Red Cross; Glee Club.

* * *

Vogt, Grace General German
270 Broad Street. Normal.

"A kind heart is more than coronets."

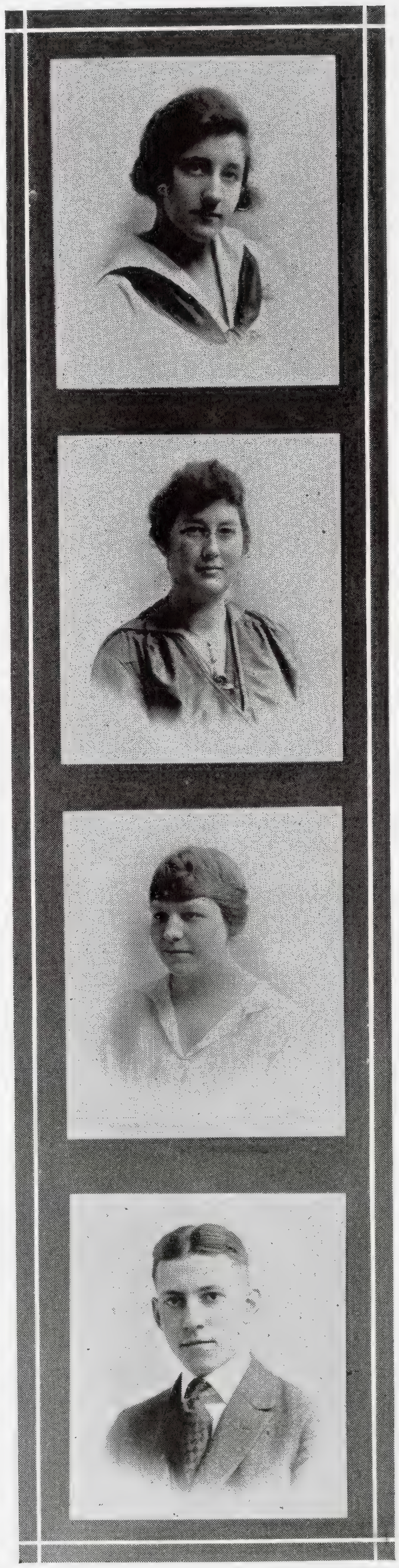
Glee Club, '16, '17; Science Club, '17; German Club, '17; Sociable Committee; Senior Acropolis.

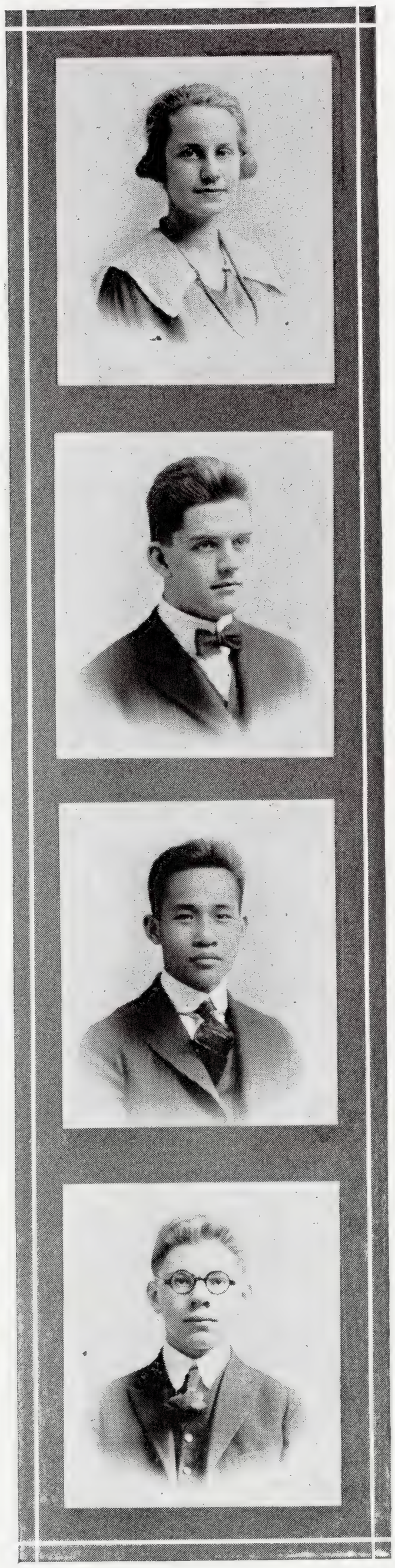
* * *

Walhauser, George M. College German
47 New Street.

"Experience hath made him sage."

Manager Cross Country; Faculty Adviser Athletic Association; N. J. I. A. A. League Delegate; President Discussion Club; President German Club; Science Club; Red Cross; Chairman Class Day and Commencement Committee; Acropolis; Circulation Manager Senior Acropolis; Field Day Committee; Rostrum; Football; Lambda Tau.





WHITE, MARY — GENERAL GERMAN

288 Eleventh Avenue. Normal.

"Wit and humor belong to genius alone."

Science Club; Gym. Exhibition, '17; Senior ACROPOLIS; Red Cross; G. P. L.

* * *

WILLIAMS, HARVEY — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH

547 Clifton Avenue. Princeton.

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

Cross Country; Radio Club Treasurer; Glee Club; Science Club; French Circle; Mandolin Club; Senior ACROPOLIS; Chairman School News; Athletic Association; Red Cross; ACROPOLIS, '18.

* * *

* * *

JOE WONG.

* * *

ZEMEL, JOSEPH — COLLEGE GERMAN

82 Vincent Street.

"Age thou dost harm by opening thy mouth."

Rostrum; Assistant Business Manager Senior ACROPOLIS.

BARTON, GLADYS GENERAL GERMAN
15 St. Paul Avenue. State Normal.

"Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shines bright
And makes sunshine in the shady place."

Surgical Dressings Club; Red Cross; G. P. L.

* * *

GOLDBERG, MEYER COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN
53 Wallace Street. Business.

"A man of courage is also full of faith."

PILLING, CHARLES COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
271 Sixth Avenue. Stevens.

"Oh, cursed beauty, gift of that from the heavens
For my perdition is vouchsafed to me."

Cross Country, '14, '15; French Club; Aztec Club; President 4B Class; Athletic Association; 1B Reception Committee; Theta Phi.

Honor Roll, April

4A Room 56. Etta Bender, Mildred Cozzone, Joseph Crecca, Michael Lisena, Camilla Browning, Mildred Hammell, Elline Moffat, Katharine Sayre.
Room 26. Richard Bauchelle, Martin Haviar, Morris Kleinman, Harry Schaffer, Marguerite Schleuter, Anna Douthert, Gertrude Murray, Dorothy VanNess, Helen Verpillier, Charles Frazier, Ruth Patrick, Dorothy Gorham.
Room 61. Jack Bryden, Nannette Ehring, Mary Fisher, Fred Glaser, Mary Glover, Ira Kolb, Gladys Paulus, Charlotte Silberstein, Marion Smith, Evelyn Gardner, Grace Bottelli, Mary White, Agnes Mentz.

4B Room 25. Edith Miller, Mildred Goodman.
Room 66. Edna Altemuller, Emily Berndt, Dorothy Prell.
Room 41. Isidor Cohen, Edmund Cox.
Room 36. Jean Judson, Marion Smith, Teresa Walsh, Mae Weeks.

3A Room 37. Wm. Fleishfarb, Clarissa Hulse, Jeanne Lutz, Wilbur Schenkel, Rose Stammelman, Julius Stein.
Room 55. Estelle Kamm, Garrett Stearly.

3A Room 63. Anna Kabes, Howard Rabone, Rose Ramo, Marion See.
Room 42. Lena Olshan, Matilda Strassburger.

3B Room 33. Charles Brewer, M. Dill.
Room 35. Marguerite Ruby, Katherine Wotiz.
Room 59. Francis Gordinier.
Room 50. Dorothy Work.

2A Room 45. Clare Coult, Mary Meeker, Philip Nohemie, Walter Schraeder, Katherine Wicks.
Room 85. Elizabeth Clan.
Room 67. Sherman Corwin, Louise Durand, Leslie Wallace.
Room 43. Melvin Jackley, Lucille Jessurun, James P. Kearney, Edward Kirby, Walter Franklyn Scott, Roger Terrill, Isabell Cary.

2B Room 83. Florence Taylor, Helen Walsh.
Room 82. Marcus Block, George Cohn.
Room 69. Harry Haussling, Helen Schaffer.
Room 60. Doris Lindsay, Dorothy Stone, Theodore Scrivner, Elizabeth Wehner.

1A Room 65. Mary Margaret Barr, Stuart Blodgett, Constance Carpenter, Arlene Hatch, William Koester, Margaret Kohn, Hope Williams.
Room 92. Gondolfo Rizzo.
Room 39. Ida Dill.
Room 81. Helen Finn, Bertha Gordinier, Frances Kolodin, Dorothy McCance, Blanche Nixon, Margarita Slater.
Room 95. Annie Dillingham, Edward Brigden, Margaret Randall, Catherine Williams.

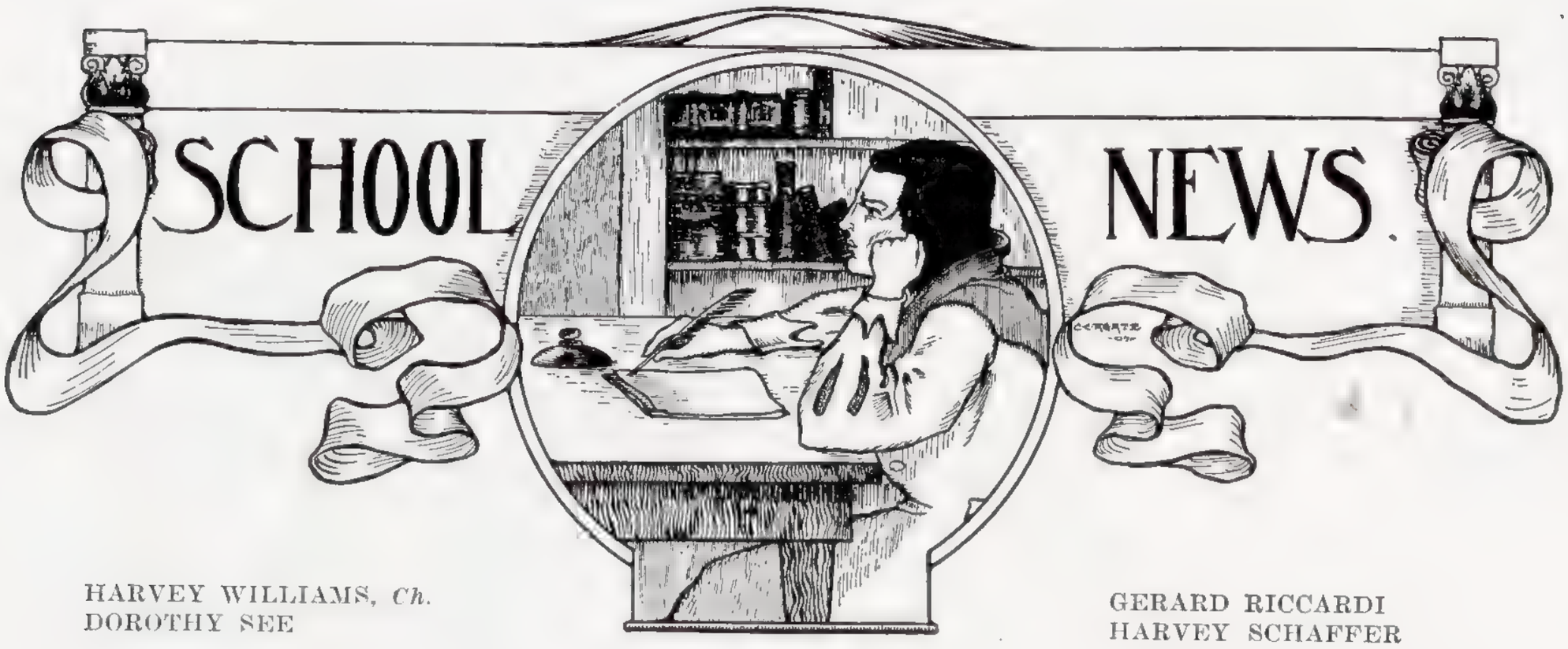
1B Room 91. Dorothy Benjamin, Marion Bruver, Julia Clements, Katherine Elkins, Eugene Frey, Gordon Hart, Mildred Kirk.
Room 86. George Washburn.

No Honor Roll sent in from rooms 76, 75, 31, 32, 57, 87, 51, 38.

Corrections for last month.

4A Room 61. Mary Glover, Madeline Holter, Frances Cohen, Ira Kolb.

The department wishes to apologize for the omission of Fred Drake's name in the March issue.



HARVEY WILLIAMS, *Ch.*
DOROTHY SEE

GERARD RICCARDI
HARVEY SCHAFFER

AUDITORIUM EXERCISES.

The students of Barringer considered themselves highly honored when Ernest Tompson Seaton, the master woodcraftsman, who has written so many charming books and stories about the life in the wilderness, consented to address them during assembly on Friday, April fifth. Mr. Seaton told a story about the Sioux Indians, making it doubly interesting by putting in the various calls which one might hear in the forests. The only regret is that Mr. Seaton's time was so limited. They certainly would have enjoyed listening to him the rest of the period.

Arbor Day.—On April 12 the school was honorder by an address on "Vacant Lot Gardens and Trees in General," by Mr. Bannwart, the Secretary of the Shade Tree Commission. The weather seemed to have forgotten that it was Arbor Day and wrapped the lovely green landscape in a thick blanket of snow. Other speakers were Mary Fischer, on " Women on the Land," and Mildred Cozzone, on "Barringer's War Garden."

Junior Four-Minute Men.—In response to the Government's call for four-minute men to boost Thrift Stamps, several of the students turned out to do their bit. During the last few days the school has had the pleasure of listening to a number of these thrilling talks. Among the speakers are Arthur Tries, Eva Richer, Jerome Meier, Irving Idler, Norman F. Junker.

Principal Pickwick, of East Side, suggested to Mr. Stearns that Barringer and East Side exchange four-minute speakers. Accordingly five of our best speakers were sent to East Side on Tuesday, April 30. A team of five came to Barringer on that day to give us a sample of their work. It certainly was some sample. Any school might well be proud of such students. If the Barringer students did as well Barringer feels proud of them. The speakers for East Side were Betsy Ross, Anna Hagan, Marianna Frycz, Molly Schapiro, and Dominique Caviccha. Barringer's representatives were Irving Idler, Eva Richer, Anna Trolan, George Haight and Norman F. Junker.

SENIOR A's.

The graduating class is leaving a record to be proud of in Barringer. After a series of meetings, and a great deal of oratory, "June, '18" has decided to do a thing hitherto undreamed of in the annals of the school—it has *voted to give up class day!* And what is more, the money thus saved will be devoted to the French War Orphan Fund. It was a hard struggle, but, realizing the effect such a stand would have upon all unnecessary frivolities, and appreciating the seriousness of the part America has to play in the war, we finally put away our ideals of four years to serve out country.

A little later, at another meeting, the class, pitying the worries of the Editor and Business Manager, voted to back the *Apogee* to the amount of fifty dollars. (Cheers from the editors.)

These meetings were held in the Auditorium after exercises, so as to insure full attendance.

RIDDLES.

What is it we often return but never borrow?
Thanks.

Why is the figure 9 like a peacock?
Because without a tail it is nothing.

What is a Liberty Loan?
A Liberty Bond is a blow square on the nose of autocracy.

Our greatest export—Liberty. Help pay the freight.

THE ROSTRUM.

Officers.
Alfred Lipman, *President.*
A. Caprio, *Vice-President.*
A. Tries, *Treasurer.*
E. Richer, *Secretary.*

The object of real education is to develop every faculty in the boy and girl being educated. We all associate with others daily and express opinions on various subjects. It is, therefore, of importance to us to know how to put our thought into good, clear, spoken language. To achieve this end, debating and discussion clubs have been organized in Barringer High School.

Years ago, Barringer felt the need of a debating club and organized a "Congress." This organization accomplished much good during its existence. Unfortunately the students for several reasons lost interest in the organization and it finally died out.

Several years later (1915), a representative of Rutgers College came to Barringer and urged the school to take part in interscholastic debates. So our debating club, "The Rostrum," was organized, through the efforts of Mr. Moore, who was then a teacher of English at Barringer.

The next term Mr. Moore was called to Kentucky. Since the club was without an adviser, Mr. Barr very kindly consented to take Mr. Moore's place. Mr. Barr has proved himself the friend and helper of the organization in its efforts to develop interest and facility in debate.

For three years "The Rostrum" has represented Barringer in interscholastic debates, which have been conducted by Rutgers College.

The students of Barringer should give their loyal support to "The Rostrum" and come out and enlist in this worth-while organization, for practice in debating helps the student in many ways. First, it helps him to overcome stage fright and drives away all self-consciousness. Second, it gives the student a better command of English, by enlarging his vocabulary, and by giving him the ability to choose the right word in the right place.

If you will only come out and join the Rostrum, you can be pretty sure that you will be given an opportunity to overcome any nervousness or any defects of speech which you may have. Although membership is open to Juniors and Seniors only, all Barringerites are welcome at the debates held by the organization.

So you see, fellow students, that the Rostrum offers great opportunities to you. Come out and see if you have any undeveloped talent in debate.

GERMAN CLUB.

The regular monthly meeting of the German Club was held on Thursday, April the 11th. The Club intends to go on some Saturday to Hemlock Falls.

FRENCH CIRCLE.

Officers.
Burke Boyce, *President.*
Mildred Cozzone, *Vice-President.*
Edith Green, *Secretary.*
Mr. Mezger, *Treasurer.*

The French Circle is one of the most prominent and well organized clubs in Barringer. Its monthly meetings are made very interesting by lectures. These lectures, given by members of the club or by prominent French-Americans, are of great educational value. If you wish to increase your knowledge of French Literature, Art and Customs, make yourself eligible to these meetings by becoming a member of the French Circle. Anyone having completed at least one term of French is eligible to membership. The dues are only twenty-five cents (25) a term.

The French Circle is not only prominent in Barringer, but it is also known widely outside. Some members of the club belong also to "L' Alliance Francaise," to the convention of which the club sent three representatives: Mildred Cozzone, E. McArthur and Burke Boyce. The convention, which met in New York, April 6, was presided over by the French Ambassador to the United States, Mr. Jusserand. At the convention of the French Circle of Barringer was commended for its adoption of a French war orphan. At the report of the Barringer representatives, a member of the "Alliance Francaise" was quoted as speaking of "what might have been." He said, "If America was named Columbia, after Christopher Columbus, then the word 'Americanized' would now be 'Christopherized.'" Another way by which the French Circle is recognized outside is by the sociables given to the French Clubs of neighboring high schools. On April 19, one of these sociables was given. In the auditorium, after the welcome to the guests was given by the president, Burke Boyce, two songs were sung by Helen Verpillier. Then a poem was read by Jean Urquhart. The exercises ended with the singing of "La Marseillaise," and the "Star Spangled Banner." Then to use the president's words, they passed to "la salle gymnastique pour danser." Refreshments were served and an enjoyable afternoon was spent. The young folks were loath to hear Mr. Milwitsky announce the last dance.

Thus you see that a little time and five (5) cents a month will make you a member of a very educational and exceedingly sociable club of Barringer High School.

DISCUSSION CLUB.

A regular meeting of the Discussion Club was held Tuesday, April 9th, at 5.30 P. M., in the Y. M. C. A. The members of the club enjoyed the usual dinner and good time. The

first speaker of the evening was Mr. Bagley, who addressed the club on "How to improve our city." The second speaker of the evening was Reverend Clark, who spoke on "Selfishness." The meeting adjourned and all went away well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

DISCUSSION CLUB.

A meeting of the Discussion Club was held Tuesday, April 16th, at 5.30 P. M., in the Y. M. C. A. After the transaction of business, some of the boys spoke on up-to-the-minute topics. Then everybody enjoyed the usual dinner. After dinner, Mr. Frank Goodman, who addressed the club before, spoke on various subjects. The meeting adjourned and every one went away well satisfied with himself and the world at large.

4B CLASS.

President, T. Savage.
Vice-President, M. Gifford.
Secretary, E. Berndt.
Treasurer, R. McNeil.

At the regular monthly meeting of the 4B class, held in April, the class chose their pins and colors, blue and gray. They also decided, at this meeting to have a minstrel for the benefit of the French war orphan, whom they wish to adopt. The class has already adopted a soldier, Corporal Kelly. This was the first organized body in Barringer to do so. But the Senior B's were not satisfied with this, so they gave a minstrel, Tuesday afternoon, April 30, for the benefit of the French war orphan.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 17, the Senior A's enjoyed a fine afternoon of dancing in the Gym. This sociable is credited to the 4B class, to which the 4A's are very grateful, and, I am sure, extend their most hearty thanks.

With Mr. Taylor as a class adviser, the class of January, 1919, will go through with flying colors.

4B MINSTRELS.

The 4B's took the Bull of Precedent by the horns on April 30, and entertained the school with a Minstrel Show. The show took the form of one of their class meetings. Mr. Savage, the President being interlocutor. After much excitement over report cards, the business turned towards roasting the teachers. This they did in a first-class manner. We feel sorry for our friend George Washington who, when he had obtained a library slip, stumbled over a Stone, ran into a Noll, thus making his Flivver Skidmore or less. The trio we are sure, couldn't have done worse, but cheer up we enjoyed a good laugh at them. The famous Jazz Band, six pieces, did much to make things go. It seems to us, though, that they left a large quantity of the Jazz downtown that afternoon. Along with the band came a singer, a regular nightingale! "Oh, Boy," "Some Singing." If our tall end man on the left of the stage (name withheld by censor), had told us when to laugh at some of his jokes, we might have done better along that line. The only fault we can find is that the show didn't last longer, for we could have gone on listening forever.

Much credit is due to Mr. Taylor the 4B's "anchor man," Mr. Hart and Mr. Milwitzky and Mr. Crosse. Mr. Halpern was influential in getting the band and songster.

The purpose of the play was to get money to supply Corporal Kelly with "smokes," etc., and to adopt a French war orphan. Surely a noble enterprise.

The end men were:

Morris Orange — Herbert Perkins
Arthur Marzulli — Ralph Blacksmith
Thomas Savage, Interlocutor.
Messrs. Taylor, Cross and Milwitsky, Directors.
Mr. Hart, Musical Director.

AYE, AYE, AYE CLASS.

At their last meeting the 3A's thought it a fit time to consider their choice of colors. The class color committee submitted several combinations of colors for the consideration of the class. The impetuous members wished to make a choice immediately. But the calmer minds persuaded them that such an important question should have careful deliberation. So, after the list of suggested colors had been tabulated, the meeting adjourned.

BBB.

Under the capable leadership of Mr. Nicklas, the present 3B Class has organized with the following officers: President, Harry Herzfeld; Vice-President, Frances Gordinier; Secretary, Marion Sheehan; Treasurer, William Pennington.

At the regular meeting held April 10, a social committee was appointed: Esther Lefkowitz, Chairman; Pasquale DeSpirito, Rosalind Rhinehart, and Gandence Megaro. Dorothy Hedden was elected ACROPOLIS Reporter. The class colors, Barringer blue and khaki, were chosen.

SCIENCE CLUB.

One might think that a Science Club was an august body, holding dry-as-dust discussions on abstruse topics. But Barringer's Science Club is a wide-awake society which discusses the practical side of science met with in every day life. At their last meeting the question box department submitted some very interesting questions for the members to answer. Richard Linehan then gave a talk upon the topic, "Glass and Glass Making," which proved to be an entertaining as well as instructing talk.

THE GLEE CLUB.

It is useless to introduce the Glee Club because it has become a prominent organization in Barringer. The Glee Club serves a two-fold purpose. It develops poise and voice for the members of the club and furnishes entertainment for the school.

The Glee Club has weekly rehearsals in Room 39. At present they are practicing "Jean D'Arc," by Gaul, which they will present at a Cantata to be given May 24, 1918. The Boy's Glee Club, together with the Mandolin Club will give a recital some weeks after the Cantata.

The value of glee club or orchestra work may be realized all the more when the same may be substituted for a two period subject.

Like any organization, it cannot continue to exist unless there is enough support from the school. There are no requirements to join the Glee Club except a voice. If you have a voice to speak with then you are eligible for membership, and perhaps with a few suggestions from Miss Darnell you may be very useful to the Glee Club and to the school.

Glee club work does not stop at the high school. It continues also through college. One who takes glee club work here is likely to find a place in the college glee club. Thus you see that the Glee Club is worth while joining and is worth the time and effort.

ATTENTION!

Barringerites, attention! Do you know that the combined Glee Clubs, with the aid of three well-known soloists, are to present Gaul's "Joan d'Arc," May 24, in the Barringer auditorium? The soloists are: tenor, Mr. Wm. Wheeler, soloist of St. Bartholomew's Church, N. Y. City; bass, Mr. Norman Jolleffe, soloist of Marble Collegiate Church, N. Y. City; soprano, Mrs. Pearsall, N. Y. City, one of Madame Sembrich's proteges. The regular admission fee is 25 cents, reserved seat, 35 cents. You all know the wonderful and inspiring life story of Joan d'Arc. Do you realize, students of Barringer, what an opportunity you have to hear this cantata sung by these three soloists and your own classmates, for the small sum of 25 cents?

The Girls' Glee Club is planning to give a recital several weeks after the cantata.

ORCHESTRA.

The orchestra, under the guidance of Miss Darnell, is improving. If all who can play orchestral instruments of any kind would show some spirit, the results would be even better.

MANDOLIN CLUB.

On Monday, April 29, was held a preliminary meeting of the club. Miss Darnell wished to get a line on the fellows. There were about ten fellows present. The club welcomes to its membership all banjo, guitar, or mandolin artists in the school. Come out. Show some spirit.

DEBATE WITH BATTIN.

On April 19, a Barringer team made up of first and second year students debated a similar team from Battin. The debate was held at Battin and the topic was: *"Resolved,* That municipal ownership and operation of lighting plants is to be preferred to private ownership and operation." It might be well to add that the Battin team was victorious.

"ROSALIE."

On April 25, the Thalians entertained members of the school—each one of whom, by the way, entered the auditorium with ten cents less in his pocket—with a humorous sketch entitled, "Rosalie."

At 3:15 sharp, Mr. Milwitsky stepped from behind the curtains, and in the opening address, told us that "Rosalie" was a one-act farce. He asked the audience to take the play in the same "chummy" spirit it had taken former plays. But best of all, our hard earned dimes were to serve a patriotic purpose, he told us—each dime supporting for one day, a French war orphan.

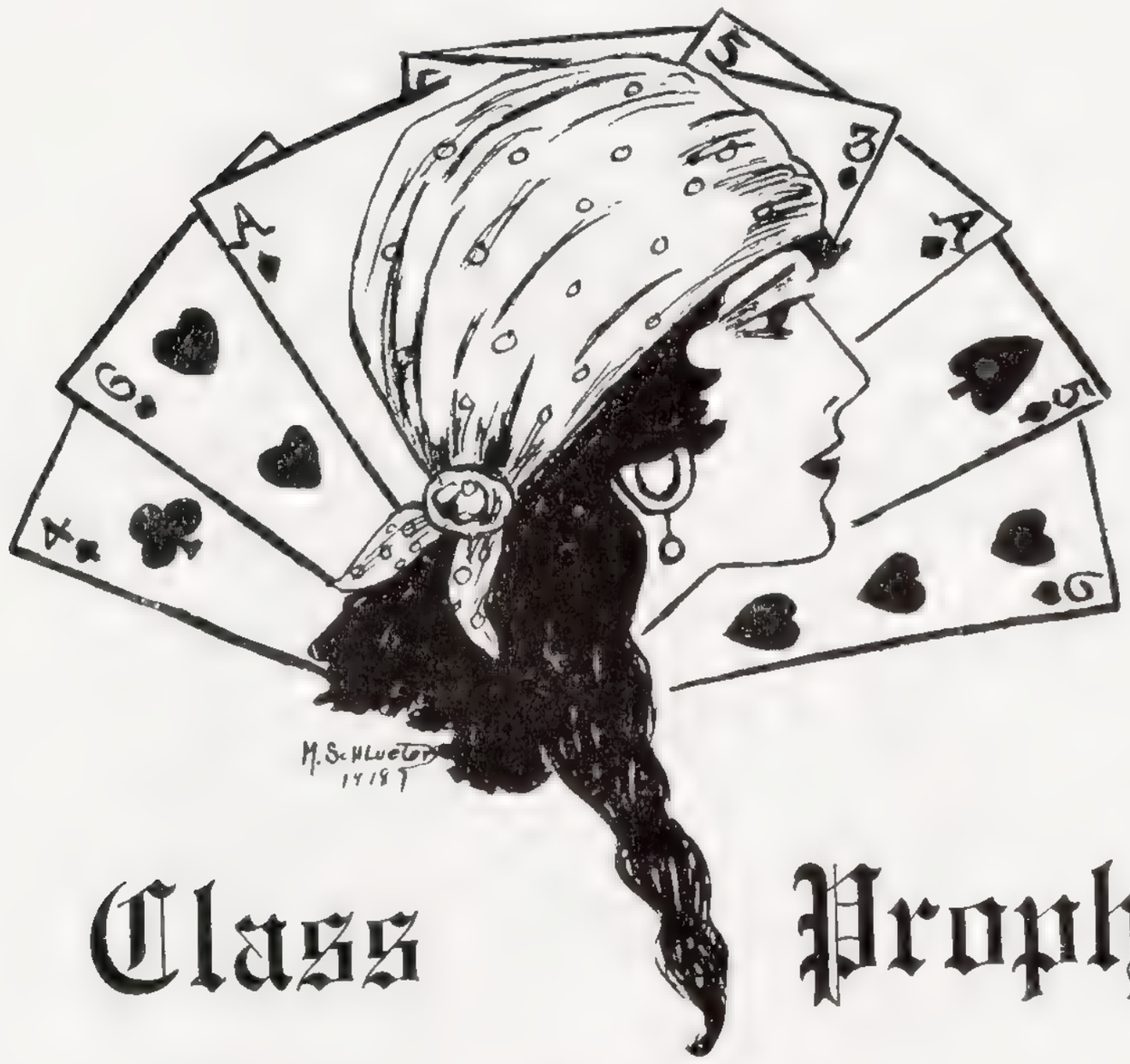
Adonizzio as "Monsieur Bol," Frances Grossel as "Madam Bol," and Helen Kussy as "Rosalie," brought much credit to themselves and their society by the way in which they rendered the parts assigned to them. After the play a dance was held in the gym—admission, another dime.

NEW JERSEY EDITORS' LEAGUE.

The April meeting of the Editors' League of Northern New Jersey was held at East Side High School, on Saturday, April 13th. Barringer, East Orange, Dickinson, Union Hill, Paterson, Rutherford, and of course East Side were among the schools represented.

We had a very interesting meeting, during which a heated discussion concerning a dance took place. Miss Ruth Cairns and Mr. Irving Idler, both from Barringer, led the opposing parties. We will leave the reader to guess as to which one was in favor of, and which one was opposed to the dance. After the carnage had ceased, Principal Pickwick of East Side, gave us a very pleasant talk, which was followed by a short speech on "The Colon," delivered by Mr. Musgrove, head of the English Department. The faculty adviser of the *Orient* also favored us with a few interesting words.

We then adjourned to the lunch room, where the usual excitement prevailed. Miss Dorothy MacGraeme, of Rutherford, was the cause of most of the excitement this time. Suffice it to say that there was a very interesting camouflage scene, with ice cream and ferns. Then we descended to the Gymnasium, where a short dance took place. But at five-thirty we decided that East Side had had about as much as it could stand, so we left for home. We hope every meeting will be as enjoyable as this one was.



Class Prophery

A Flight of Fancy Into 1925

YRAM REHSIF, PROPHETESS.

"MISS BLANK, here are some tickets for the Broad. I wish you would run down to-night, and size up the play for this week's edition."

I gasped. I had just turned in an exceptionally large amount of work for the week's magazine, and thought I could take a few day's rest. But woe betide the journalist who dreams of rest! I called up Grace Bottelli and May White, two friends who were at that time engaged in public school teaching. (Now they have begun home teaching.) The girls accepted my invitation to accompany me to the theatre, and Grace offered to take us in her car.

That evening we started early from May's house, and arrived at the theatre in time to watch the place fill in. I just love to sit in a theatre box and view the audience coming in. One sees so many different types of persons, and so many different styles of dresses.

"Mollie, just look in that box directly opposite. Isn't that—"

"Altha Gray!" I cried in delighted surprise. "But who is that distinguished looking man beside her?"

"I can't place him," puzzled Grace. "They came in just before us, and I heard Al call him Irving," said May.

Then we laughed. No further explanation was needed. With that, Altha glanced over, recognized us, and in her old-time impetuous manner threw rapturous kisses to us, and smiled her ever alluring, dazzling smile. Presently six handsomely dressed girls entered the box behind Altha. We saw them apparently recognize the party in front of them; then they lost all dignity and rushed pell-mell into the adjoining box.

"Who are they?" I questioned.

"That slender girl embracing Al so effusively is Jean Urquhart, dear little Jean," exclaimed Grace, fondly.

"Yes, and those two speaking with 'that dignified looking man' beside Al are Madeline Holter and May Knust. They're both married now," added May.

Meantime the other three girls had after glancing toward us at Al's direction flew from the box, and in no time were embracing us in our box. They were no others than that irresistible darling, Gertie Murray, her equally charming friend Ruth Patrick, and our class pet, Helen Atz. Our excited babble drew attention to our box.

"I arrest you for a public nuisance," came in authoritative tones at my elbow.

Slightly frightened, I turned quickly, and met the laughing gaze of Charlie Frazier. I should not have known him but for his smile. None of us girls, however, needed to be reminded of his companion's names. Who of us, could ever forget Lew Ritchie, Lambert Pickwick, Jack Bryden, Geo. Wallhauser, Thurston Lawshe, Wallace Storch, Fred Glaser, William Higgins, Louis Dick, Clifford Higby, Parker Herbell, Russel Rabone or Norman Junker? They were the same happy-go-lucky, friendly crew. Some of them were just a few years out of college, but

each one of them was pursuing successfully his chosen career. Fred and Norman were well known members of Congress.

After formulating hasty plans for a class reunion in the near future, the delightful party broke up with hearty handshakes all round, and numerous promises to "see you soon." They had to seek their places before the play should start.

"Guess whom I met yesterday?" queried Grace after a few moments of silence.

"Who?" simultaneously demanded May and I, forgetting grammar in our curiosity.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ricardi."

"Who is Mrs. Ricardi?" I asked, "Not Isabelle—?"

"No other."

"I met Charles Pilling down town the other day," interupted May. "He looked very prosperous, although he was driving a Ford car."

May was still the funny, witty girl who had delighted us with tales and jokes during many a dinner hour. My thoughts flew back to those happy, irresponsible days when we astonished the faculty and amused the school by our wild capers in dear old 61. I pictured the class as it had been in those last six months of our dear senior year.

As I remembered, Gladys Barton, a quiet, demure maiden (who has long since lost her quietness), sat in the front seat of the first row. Then came Grace Battelli. Behind her was Frances Cohen, whose brilliant piano and organ playing has won for her a niche in the hall of fame. I could not but remember the splendid duet she and Mary Glover played at our famous 1B reception. Frances still pets and bosses that charming morsel of humanity Florence Crecca, who is now planning to be the bridesmaid at her brother Joseph's wedding. Behind Florence sat Nan Ehring, good, old Nan, who is now a gym. teacher in Barringer. Dot Kopeloff, Nan's only rival in gymnastics, is a gym. teacher in South Side. The next seat claimed Wee Etheridge, a girl whose cupid lips were ever a source of envy and admiration to me. 'Twas only the other day I met her. She is the Head Supervisor of Domestic Art in the Newark public schools. Al Evertz sat in the next last seat in this aisle. 'Twas but a year ago, Al marched up the aisle of aisles by the side of a naval lieutenant. Her name is now—Gracious, Al, I forget! Next on roll came a will o' the wisp, whose name just now escapes me.

Then came the second aisle led by Evy Gardner, who has long since married her minister, and has gone West to help him "boom up trade." (Evy's own expression.) Mary Glover, an accomplished concert pianist, and Grace Griffith, next flitted before my mind's eye. Grace, I always told you, those sparkling eyes, those crimson lips, those rosy cheeks would play havoc with many hearts. I also whispered to you, dearest, the name you now bear. Remember how you snubbed me for a week after, because he caught you blushing? After Grace, came three other beauties, Madeline Holter, May Knust and Doris Jamoneau. I smiled when I thought of Doris' black eyes and blacker hair.

"Wake up, Mollie! you haven't said a word for five minutes. Are you ill or dreaming?" May's voice broke in upon my reflections.

"I wasn't asleep," I protested. "I was just thinking of the dear, old 61 bunch. I had come down the aisle to Doris and was wondering what she was doing now."

"The last I heard of her was the news of her engagement to a French Count." Grace volunteered this information.

"I knew she was made for a Countess," I asserted.

"Who came after Doris?" asked May.

"Edith McMahon, then Agnes Mentz. Remember how quiet, yet how charming they were? They have both entered business life, and enjoy their work thoroughly," Grace answered.

"Wasn't Lois Miller the first girl in the next row?" I questioned.

"Yes. She and Marion Smith have made fine progress in artcraft. I saw a poster of Lois' in the Library a year or so ago," May informed us.

"I thought Gladys Paulus took up designing, also."

"No. She went through normal with Charlotte Silberstein. They are both well known for their reforms in the methods of kindergarten teaching. Charlotte sings a good deal at concerts, too, when she has time. I've heard her voice is one of the best in Newark," I answered.

"Speaking of fine voices, Margaret Schleuter and Mildred Cozzone have made some splendid speeches in assemblies of various kinds during this past year," came from May, who kept better account of our schoolmates than either Grace or I.

"But to finish up 61 girls, what has happened to Florence Rawlings, Edna Snow, Helen Tantum and Grace Vogt?" I asked.

"They all finished normal with Grace and me, and are now teaching somewhere in Newark."

"That 56 bunch was awfully jolly, wasn't it?" May stated rather than asked.

"It sure was!" Grace and I agreed.

"There was a nice crowd in 26 too," said Grace.

May and I exchanged glances. There was at least *one* very nice person in 26, we knew.

"Hush, the orchestra is playing," I warned.

We sat perfectly quiet absorbed in the music. As the leader of the band with fascinating ease and grace directed his followers, I perceived a vague familiarity about him. Where could I have seen him? Then like a flash, it dawned upon me.

"Girls, look at the leader! Isn't he Joe Costanzo?" I cried.

"Sure as guns!" exclaimed slangy May.

"I knew he'd be a musician," Grace asserted, positively. "He was so romantic looking," she added.

Then the music ceased for a moment; the lights went out, and the curtain slowly rose.

"Horrors, how careless, I forgot to get programs." I made this startling discovery.

"Never mind. I never expected you to remember them, so I looked at the electric lights outside to discover the name of the play. It has the totally fascinating title of 'Just Nuts,'" May informed us.

The curtain rose to disclose a charming living room, in which sat the fairy-like form of a young girl, bending over a book. She sprang from her chair, dropped her book, and danced laughingly to the front of the stage.

"Ann Caprio, as I live!" exclaimed Grace.

"Never—yes, yes, it is! Oh, how glad I am we came. Wasn't it stupid of us not to remember Ann was due this month in Newark? And—listen, isn't Joe Brown playing opposite her?" May's words tripped over one another, in her excitement.

"Sure enough. Here he is now!" came from Grace.

Had it not been for May's restraining hand, laid upon my arm, I believe I should have yelled wildly to Joe and Ann. Our accomplished poet, pianist, artist, and actor was playing the hero's role. He was the same (I'll call it *slender,* Joe) slender fellow, he had been when he played the poet's part in "Gringoire," so successfully; he could and did make love in the same overwhelming, convincing manner. (Dear Ann, it must have taken all your training and self-control to resist those ardurous pleadings.)

It was a pretty little scene in which the butterfly heroine caused the love-lorn hero to loose hope in ever obtaining her love. The disconsolate lover, finally, leaves the object of his devotion with the desperate threat to "end it all." The curtain falls upon a very demure little lady, who gazes forlornly after the departed lover.

"Aren't they wonderful!" enthused May between the acts. "Isn't Ann a dream?"

"What a pretty little play! I wonder who wrote it, anyway," I remarked.

"Just a minute. I have some programs here," confessed the incorrigible tease, May.

"You wretch, why didn't you 'fess up before?" scolded Grace, laughingly.

"Didn't want to," was May's satisfactory reply.

Meanwhile I had opened the program and had seen a name that caused an exclamation of delighted surprise to escape me.

"Burke Boyce wrote it!" I cried. "I knew there was genius in him, but I doubted that he could ever sober down long enough to do a really serious piece of work."

"I read a very flattering criticism on his work, by Martin, our finest American dramatic critic, only a few weeks ago," said Grace. "Martin said it was seldom a man of such literary achievement, was also such a talented actor. He hailed him as the 'American Shakespeare.'"

I smiled proudly. I could not help but feel a thrill of pride in these famous members of our illustrious class.

Meanwhile the play had continued. Our surprise and pleasure can be imagined when Ray Sutton, Walter Taylor and Harry Schaffer appeared in the second act as the "Nuts." They were hardly recognizable in their roles of love-sick swains. Their names on the program, however, confirmed our beliefs. They were very disconsolate, and unhappy because of their inability to learn which one of her lovers the little heroine loved. We breathed sighs of relief when, in the final scene of the play, the bewitching heroine (who had been taught her lesson by the hero's purposeful neglect of her), yielded her heart to her hero, and saved the discarded lovers further doubt and uncertainty.

We voted the play a great success, and after hasty good-byes to our friends in the opposite boxes, we made our way through the crowd to an exit. I was about to give an exceptionally pushing person behind me a large size lecture on "the nerve of some people," when I heard my name spoken in surprised accents by the culprit.

"Alfred Lippman!" I cried, and managed to shake hands with him.

After an exchange of enthusiastic comments on the play, I asked him about himself. I was very glad to hear that he was business manager of a large commercial house in New York. I learned from him that Meyer Goldberg, Jerry Caruso, Samuel Shapiro, Julius Marion and Meyer Mink were all engaged in business, and from outward indications were well on the road to prosperity. By this time we had reached the car and stood chatting with Grace and May.

"We are in a reminiscent mood to-night, Fred," said Grace. "Tell us all you can about the fellows (Grace really said 'guys') of the *Class of June, '18.*"

"I suppose you've heard about the 'Kill Care Club?'" he asked.

"No. Do tell us about it."

"You see, a number of us fellows found life rather lonesome after we left Barringer. So for the purpose of forgetting the 'oppressive trials of life,' we formed the 'Kill Care Club.' Jimmy Izon is president, Tom Palmer, vice-president, Harver Williams, secretary, and Desmond Hunter, treasurer. Some of the other members are Dick Banchelle, Alexander Lewi, Ira Kolb, Sam Diener, Birdsall, Grasser, Berg, Bassin, Halpern, Kaltman, Haviar, Hummel, Foster, Micone, Manshel, Kleinman, Crooks, Masi, Lisend, Linehan and Ziemel. We've got quite a list of notables among us," he continued, boastfully. "Palmer, Berg, Foster and Kleinman came out honor men in their senior year at their

various colleges; Hummel played peachy football during his junior and senior years at college; while Crooks was the star on the baseball team of his college for three years. Jerome Reich is now an army captain and is an honorary member of the club."

"What wonderful times you must have!" sighed May, enviously. "I bet you have even better times than the 'Sunshine Spreaders Sorority.' You know, Helen Sheehan, Nancy Spallone, Dot See, Myra Smith, Agnes Poole, Etta Bender, Camilla Browning and Elizabeth Bolles, determined to make Newark society sit up and take notice. While in college or just after graduation, the girls formed their sorority. They have some of the best times a going. They are now planning to run a dance at the 'Washington,' in honor of the girls of the 'Iris Sorority.'"

"Anyone I know belong to the 'Iris Sorority?'" asked Alfred.

"Yes, several of the girls who went to normal. There are Frances Grossel, Sophie Levine, Mildred Hammel, Dot Gorham, Esther Fischbein, Elizabeth Schlink, Helen Verpillier and Gladys Judson, among them."

"Gosh, I'm sorry I must miss that dance," lamented Fred. "I'll be out of the country on business for the next year."

We invited him to ride home with us, but—what do you think he said?

"No. I'm awfully sorry girls, but a man with a wife and three kids depending on him must choose more responsible company."

He strode quickly away to avoid our indignant denials of his terrible insinuation. But we knew better than to take Lippy seriously.

"I believe we've totally exhausted the class roll. I never thought I could meet and hear about so many people I knew," sighed Grace, happily.

"No, we haven't exhausted the roll. I can remember at least eight other girls," spoke May.

"Who are they?" I challenged.

"I know some of them," interrupted Grace. "I just remember reading some months ago of the brilliant wedding of Katharine Sayre to a wealthy young Californian. Grace Cairns was maid of honor, and two of the bridesmaids were Virginia O'Connor and Ellaine Moffat.

"The other bridesmaids were Anna Douthert, Dot VanNess, Olvinia McKenna and Helen O'Connor," finished May.

We relapsed into thoughtful silence. Then—

"Girls, we've forgotten one lone member of the class, Joseph Wong!" I exclaimed, just as the car came to a stop before my home. "I happen to know he is at present in China, but he expects to return to America with his pretty almond-eyed bride by June."

"Then he will be in time for our class reunion.

"May God ever bless and prosper the Class of June 1918," I spoke, softly.

Even May was serious long enough to say "Amen" before we parted.

WHO'S WHO.

The Most Popular
(Girl)—HELEN ATZ.
(Boy)—CHARLES FRAZIER

The Prettiest
(Girl)—DORIS JAMOUNEAU.
(Boy)—CHARLES HERBELL.

The "Best All-Round"
(Girl)—MAY KNUST.
(Boy)—LOUIS RITCHIE.

The Best Smile
(Girl)—ALTHA GRAY.
(Boy)—CHARLES FRAZIER.

Frowns Most
(Girl)—EDNA SNOW.
(Boy)—BURKE BOYCE.

The Best Dressed
(Girl)—ELIZABETH BETHARDS
(Boy)—CHARLES PILLING.

The Biggest Primper
(Girl)—LOIS MILLER.
(Boy)—CHARLES PILLING.

The Quietest
(Girl)—EDITH McMAHON.
(Boy)—DUDLEY FOSTER.

The Noisiest
(Girl)—HELEN ATZ.
(Boy)—FRED GLASER.

The Brightest
(Girl)—MILDRED COZZONE.
(Boy)—MORRIS BERG.

The Biggest Crammer
(Girl)—DOROTHY GORHAM.
(Boy)—MORRIS KLEINMAN.

The Biggest Bluffer
(Girl)—FRANCES COHEN.
(Boy)—FRANK KALTMAN.

The Best Speaker
(Girl)—MARGUERITE SCHLEUTER.
(Boy)—BURKE BOYCE.

The Wittiest
(Girl)—MAY WHITE.
(Boy)—WALLACE STORCH.

Did Most For The Class
(Girl)—HELEN SHEEHAN.
(Boy)—ALFRED LIPPMAN.

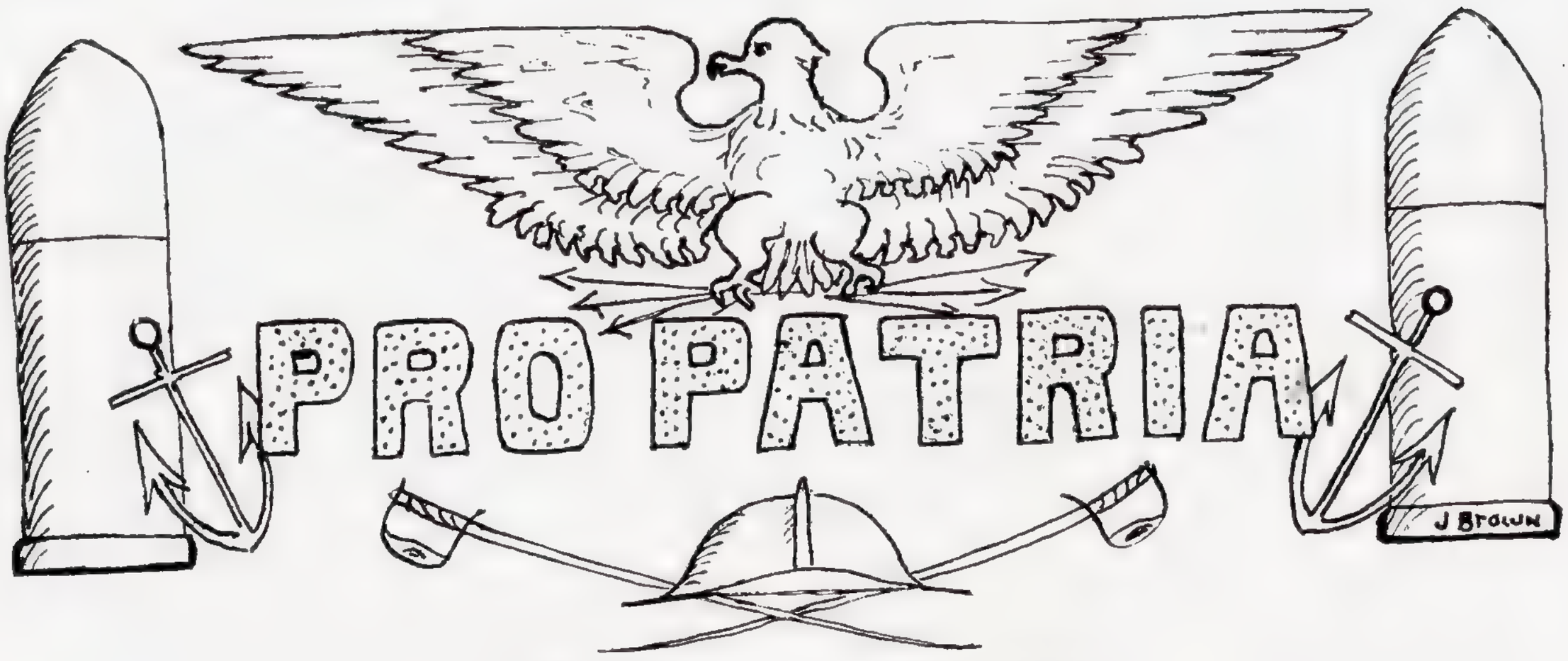
The Best Athlete
(Girl)—NANETTE EHRING.
(Boy)—LOUIS RITCHIE.

The Best Dancer
(Girl)—GRACE BOTTELLI.
(Boy)—JOSEPH BROWN.

Biggest Pull
(Girl)—KATHERINE SAYRE.
(Boy)—BURKE BOYCE.

Most Conceited
(Girl)—KATHARINE SAYRE.
(Boy—CHARLES PILLING.

Favorite Teacher
WE LOVE 'EM ALL.



AGNES POOLE, *Ch.* HELEN SHEEHAN
MEYER MINKS

The Class of June, '18, is well represented in the service of Uncle Sam. The following members are now in active service:

1. Warner Belah, Royal Flying Corps, Canada.
2. Richard Bauchelle, Radio Corps, Naval Reserve.
3. Gilbert Gregory, Military Police, Anniston.
4. Bennet Harrison, Military Police, Anniston.
5. Judd Neal, Military Police, Anniston.
6. Leslie Casler, Infantry, France.
7. Leopold Weinstein, Med. Corps, Atlanta, Ga.
8. Alfred Lippman, Navy.

THE THRIFT STAMP.

Sheer up, little Thrift Stamp
You don't want to cry;
You'll be a War Stamp
Some day, by and by.

A quarter of a dollar
Will buy a little square
Of bright green paper,
That designates your share.

Then comes the big card,
Made of many squares;
They help the Yankees
Catch the Germans unawares.

S. S. U., No. 16,
France.

To the ACROPOLIS:

The night before last we were at post and had the most exciting experience yet. I was out with my car and had as orderly a Salem, Mass., fellow, like a prince in bearing and stunning as Apollo in looks, one of the finest fellows I have ever known. It was just as we had finished supper that a call came in for three cars immediately at our most advanced post. We were the second car on call and so followed the first one after about ten minutes. It was pitch black and drizzling. Everything went all right until we were about one mile from the post. We were passing a team on a little bridge which had no railing and was narrower than the road, but the blackness made it impossible for me to see this, and when in the middle of the bridge my rear wheel slipped off and the car hung on the edge. We both got out and saw at a glance we could not get it back ourselves. At this instant a big shell landed about a hundred feet behind us and was followed by another; then they began to drop by fours and fives. Needless to say, by this time we were stumbling along an old trench by the side of the road, and we groped our way along for several yards until we came to a place where a small railroad crossed the trench and there found a few planks to get under.

The bombardment kept up for twenty minutes and all the time the bursting shells showered down on us. It was an awful sensation to hear those German guns go off, and then to hear the shells whistle over our heads and land with a loud "crump" thirty yards beyond. We were quite safe where we were, as it would have taken a direct hit to do us much harm, but the sensation of sitting there all alone with nothing but a couple of thin boards over us was not exactly pleasant.

After they had shot fifty or sixty shells, the Boche quit and we were able to walk back to the nearest post and get some Frenchmen to get the bus back on the road and then to continue our journey. In some miraculous way, the car was not hit at all, although all the windows were blown out by the concussion. When we went up again in the morning we found the ground around there had been pretty well torn up, although the road itself had been hit only two or three times.

KENNETH MAWHA.

Barringer Graduates in Service

Jan., '02		Alfred Wilson		
June, '02		Dr. George Blackburn		
Jan., '05	2nd Lieutenant	Stanley Terhune	Artillery	France
Jan., '08	Counsellor at Law	Herbert Hannock	Custodian Alien Property	Washington
Jan., '08		Charles Hedden	Y. M. C. A.	Petrograd, Russia
Jan., '08		Henry Jacobson	Naval Reserve	
Jan., '08		Charles Addis		
Jan., '09		Howard Linley	Co. A. 29th Engineers	France
Jan., '09	Accountant	Leo Schwarz	Aviation	
June, '09		Ralph G. Chapman	312th Regiment	Camp Dix
June, '09	Yeoman 2nd Cl.	Jack Richer	Naval Yeoman	France
June, '09	Captain	James Brothers	U. S. Hospital, No. 8	France
June, '09		Andrew Salkeld		
Jan., '10	Lieutenant	Irving Zeliff	H. F. A.	Ft. Monroe
Jan., '11	A. E. Y.	Michael Gerome	Base Hospital	
Jan., '11	Cadet	Harold Lindsey	Aviation	
Jan., '11	2nd Lieutenant	Lionel Liebshutz	Infantry, 4th Batt.	Petersburg, Va.
Jan., '11		David Patton	O. T. C.	
Jan., '11	Captain	Robert Simmonds	112th H. F. A., Instructor	Anniston
Jan., '11	Captain	Joseph Swing	U. S. Army	France
June, '11		Dr. Benj. Turman	Medical Corps	France
June, '11	Sergeant	R. Wayne Hatfield	Signal Corps	Camp Dix
June, '11		Francis K. Howell		
June, '11		Ernest Hedden	Y. M. C. A. 31 Ave., Montague	Paris
June, '11	Private	Edgar Liebscher	H. F. A., Co. 112th	McClellan
June, '11	Yeoman 2nd Cl.	Harry Pratt	Naval Reserve	
June, '11	Captain	Ripley Quinby		Ft. Monroe, Va.
June, '11	Lieutenant	Charles Rich	Medical Dept.	New York
June, '11		Harrison Sayre	O. T. C.	
Jan., '12		Eugene Barling		
Jan., '12		John Fischbeck	H. F. A. 12th	McClellan
Jan., '12	Cadet	Philip Sievering	3rd Prov. Squad Aviation	Houston, Tex.
Jan., '12		Chester Vander Roest		
Jan., '12		Nelson Perry		
June, '12	Lieutenant	Leonard Aierstock	678 Aero Squad	Fairfield, Ohio
June, '12		Thomas Hine	Naval Reserve	Newport, R. I.
Jan,. '13	Quarter	Howard Lambert		
Jan,. '13		Loyd McBride	Gunners' Mate, U. S. N.	Pelham Bay
Jan,. '13		Henry A. Wallhauser	Medical Corps, A. E. F.	Rainbow Division, France
June, '12	1st Lieutenant	Cecil Smith	Medical Corps	Yale Laboratory
Feb., '17		Mark Meltzer	U. S. Naval Reserve	Montauk. L. I.
Jan., '13	Electrician, 3d Cl.	Richard Talbot	Sanitary Corps	Ft. Oglethrope
Jan., '13	1st Lieutenant	Addison Barry	Navy	
June, '13		Clinton Gilbert	Naval Reserve	
June, '13		Roy Ward	U. S. Army	
June, '13	Lieutenant	Earl Wood	Hospital	France
June, '13	Lieutenant	Thomas Contillo	1st Army Headquarters, Co. F	France
Jan., '14		Allan Machin	Base Hospital, No. 8	France
Jan., '14	Sergeant	Robert DePue		Camp Dix
June, '14		Albert Hedden	Ambulance Corps	France
June, '14		Fred Witsell	Aviation Signal Corps	Dallas, Tex.
June, '17		Frank Hummel		
June, '14		Andrew Jack	Ambulance	France
June, '14		Williston Prouty		
June, '14		Norman Weiss		
June, '14		Isidor V. Davis	Aviation Signal Corps	Houston, Tex.
Jan., '15	Private	Clyde Gardenier	2nd Co. Inft., 3rd O. T. C.	Camp Sherman
Jan., '15	Sergeant	Louis Popper	Motorcycle Troop	Camp Jackson, Fla.
Jan., '15		Renold Theubel	1st Co. Prov. Rect. Batt.	France
Jan., '15		Kenneth Mawha	Ambulance	France
June, '15		Albert Rizzolo	1st Army Headquarters, Co. G	France
June, '15		Libero Sibelia		Camp Dix
June, '15	Private	Arthur Smethurst	Batt. E, 112th H. F. A.	Camp McClellan
June, '15	Sergeant	Ray Terhune	Batt. E., East Orange	Anniston
June, '15	Corporal	Frank Wadsworth		
June, '15		Herbert Urmy	U. S. Navy	
June, '15		Robert Cory	Red Cross	France
June, '16		Sylvan Jedel	Naval Reserve, 2nd Cl.	Bensonhurst
June, '16	Hos. Apprentice	C. Wm. Johnston	Navy	New London, Conn.
June, '16	Radio Operator	Walling Minster	Navy	
June, '16		Beekman Schaeffer	Military Police	Anniston
June, '17		Barton Strahan	Naval Reserve	
June, '17		Russell U. Gies	Sanitary Corps	
1908	Captain	Carl V. Sandell	Ordnance Dept.	Aberdeen, Md.
1916		Wm. A Stickel	Chief Yeoman	Norfolk, Va.
		John Crecca	U. S. S. *Vermont*	

Feb., '14	Lieutenant	William Crecca	Medical Reserve	Ayer, Mass.
Jan., '12	Jr. Lieutenant	George Hulse	O. T. C.	
June, '01		Harry Kilgus		
Mar., '06		Peter Hehn		Camp Dix
Sept., '06		A. Emmette Curtin	Infantry	Camp Dix
Feb., '07	Lieutenant	Edwin Sinnock	O. T. C.	
April, '07		Wm. McAllister Jones		
Sept., '07	1st Lieutenant	J. Ward Wooley	A. S. S. C.; A. E. F.	France
April, '07	Lieutenant	Pearcy Pearce	U. S. A.	
Feb., '08	Lieutenant	Dr. Samuel Ranitz	Medical Dept.	
Feb., '09		Albert Braun	Aviation Signal Corps	
May, '09		Junius Smith		France
Feb., '10	Corporal	Clifford Hauser	Infantry, 113th Mach. Gun. Co.	Anniston, Ala.
Feb., '10		Verner Lawshe	Ordnance	Sheffield, Ala.
Feb., '10		Wm. Weinrich, Jr.	Quartermaster, 112th Reg.	Colon Canal Zone
April, '10	Sergeant	John Galloway	A Battery, H. F. A.	
April, '10		Erle Gilbert	Naval Reserve	
April, '10		Leslie Hayes	Naval Reserve	
April, '10		Irving VanDuzer	Co. A. Batt. 112th Reg. N. F. A.	
Sept., '10	Lieutenant	John Crane	216 Battery, C. E. F.	Toronto
Oct., '10		John Allen		
Oct., '11		Charles Frankel	Aviation Corps	Garden City
Feb., '11		Ray Krout	U. S. S. F. J.	Luckenback
Feb., '11	Yeoman 3rd Cl.	George Mansfield	Quartermaster Corps	Camp Traves, Tex.
Feb., '11	Private	David Schnur		
Feb., '11		Harry Steinmetz	102 Machine Gun, A. E. F. Batt.	
May, '11		Charles Fitzgerald		
May, '11		Burnet Lee	Naval Training Station	Newport, R. I.
June, '11	App. Seaman	Roy Randall	Sup. Co. 202 Q M. C.-APO 708	France
Sept., '11	Corporal	Harry Reich	Coast Artillery	
Sept., '11		Gilbert Stauffer		
Sept., '11		Edward Wurth		
Oct., '11		Elliot Seymour	Aviation Corps	Kelly Field, Tex.
Nov., '11	Lieutenant	Fred Coningsby	A. Batt. 112th Reg. H. F. A.	
Jan., '12	Private	Lester Houber	A. Batt. 112th Reg. H. F. A.	
Feb., '12	Corporal	Ed. Wurth	Naval Aviation Station	Cape May, N. J.
Feb., '12		Wm. Chas. Foster	Naval Reserve	
Feb., '12		Robert Millspaugh	Sanitary Detachment	Anniston
Feb., '12		John R. Staats		
Feb., '12		Francis Smith		
May, '12	Private	Saverio Napoliello	312 N. J. Reg.	Camp Dix
Sept., '12		Howard Lambert		
Jan., '13		Ed. Schnellbacker		Camp Dix
Feb., '13		Frank Stanley		
Feb., '13	Master at Arms	Hombert VanDuyne	U. S. S. *Missouri*	
Feb., '13		Chas. Hillman		
June, '13		B. Harrison Cort		
Sept., '13		Burdett Lynde		
Oct., '13		Lee Hervey	Navy	
Feb., '14		Ernest Porter		
June, '14		Wm. Bauchelle	Naval Reserve	
Sept., '14		Dr. Grimm	Dental Reserve	
Sept., '14		Daniel Jewett	Ambulance Corps 33	C. Green, N. C.
Feb., '15		N. Contee Searles	Co. 17th U. S. F. A. A. E. F.	France
Oct., '15	Sergeant	Eric Rodin	U. S. A.	Anniston
Feb., '16		Harold Simmonds	Co. G. 107th U. S. Inft.	Camp Wadsworth
Feb., '16	Private	Ed. VanWagenen		Anniston
Feb., '16		Ed. Stevens		
Mar., '18		Fred Napoliello	Co. D. 104 U. S. Eng.	Anniston
April, '16		Leighton George	Gen. Hosp., Walter Reed	Tacoma Pols. Was. Ha.
May, '16	Private	Robert Mason	Navy	
May, '16		Wm. Simmonds	H. T. 5th Div., U. S. A.	Fort Riley, Kan.
May, '16		Charles Frankel	Post Quartermaster	Fort Jay, Gov. Island
May, '09	Sergeant	Ronald Smith	Base Hospital, No. 8	France
Sept, '13		Herbert Baer	Ordnance Dept.	
		Edw. Barney	104 Military Police	Anniston
May, '09	Lieutenant	Abe G. Reinfeld	Co. 23 Battalion 6	Chickamauga Pk., Ga.
June, '17		Richard Maguire	Marines	
	Cadet	J. Warner Bellah	Royal Flying Corps	Canada
	Cadet	Stanley Jacobus	Royal Flying Corps	Canada
		Judd Neal	Military Police	Anniston

Any additions to this list should be mailed to the ACROPOLIS in order that the list be kept complete.

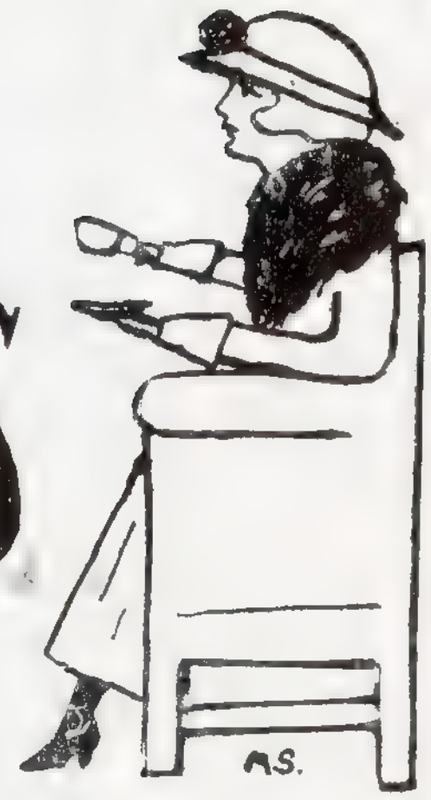
EN AVANT!

"En Avant" rings out on the air
An inspiring message sending,
Rousing souls of men to action
And with it victory blending.

"En Avant" in days of yore,
Paved the way for laurels of fame,
Leading ever upward, onward
Striving, striving, high they aim.

So shall we of June, '18,
As on through life we ever go.
Ne'er forget its thrilling message
Forward! Forward! Dare and Do.

CLASS KNOCKS



MARY WHITE, *Ch.*

DOROTHY VAN NESS

Upon our pleasant walls of memory
There hang some pictures dear,
For they are all our classmates of
Our dear old Senior Year.

The good we've done within these walls
Will show when we have gone;
So, we shall just attempt to put
Some "knocks" into our song.

Miss Helen Atz, is first, you see.
She sure defends her right,
A suffragette she will become,
Of course—maybe—she might.

Then comes that dear Miss Barton fair,
A fine young lady true.
She burns the midnight oil each day,
To make all her work do.

And now along comes Sam Bassin,
A regular German shark,
Upon his card he always gets
A "splendid" German mark.

Miss Etta Bender is a lass,
Who in her work doth shine;
Her outside reading does, of course,
Explain her many nines.

There is a boy who is a star,
Now this might seem quite queer;
Though Morris Berg is smart, you know,
It's not known when he's near.

The next one that we shall speak of
Is Miss Bethards by name,
We think she fusses quite a lot—
Does not Herbell the same?

And then there's Mulford Birdsall, too,
A boy who likes to farm,
The way he tends his vegetables,
Does little else but harm.

Elizabeth Bolles will have her way,
Class meetings prove this so.
If things do hap she does not like,
Her face will lose its glow.

Miss Bottelli, like her name,
Is very full of "grace,"
She'll jazz and jazz from morn till night,
And at a lively pace.

Now, Dick Bauchelle, a quiet boy,
Is very fond of swimming,
If only through his books he'd swim,
His marks might be more winning.

Burke Boyce, an orator of fame,
In many lines he talks;
What will become of B. H. S.
When out of it he walks?

There is a boy who's very funny,
And Joe Brown is his name;
We're sure if on the stage he'd go,
He'd some day meet with "fame."

Camilla Browning is as dry
As any book can be.
She'll not joke like the rest of us,
She's dead, as dead can be.

Jack Bryden is our treasurer,
With the money, money cry;
No one a word against him says—
We all for riches sigh.

Grace Cairns does not like to teach;
She thinks it quite a crime,
But this same girls seems to forget,
In school she kills the time.

There's Angelina Caprio,
A girl who's fond of art;
Perhaps she practiced faces first,
And thus she gained a start.

Jerry Caruso is a chap,
That's very much alive;
He's heard no matter where he goes,
Good spirits will revive.

Frances Cohen we see next,
And as we recall her way,
She was always chatting, chatting,
And bound to have her say.

Costanzo is a "would-be sport,"
  Who does sometimes show airs,
His clothes seem ever-changeable,
  Due to the vests he wears.

Mildred Cozzone wears a look,
  That does remind of pain;
The serious way she looks at things,
  Doth all of this explain.

Then there is little Florence Crecca,
  Too tiny to be seen;
But ne'ertheless she's sweet and kind,
  So held in high esteem.

Joseph Crecca's one live wire,
  That's ever on the go;
His brain's a whirl with deep, deep stuff,
  That'll make him rise, we trow.

And then there's Capt. Crooks, you know,
  Who's on the baseball team;
But baseball doesn't go with nines,
  Or so, at least 'twould seem.

Lewis Dick they all call "Red"
  After his lovely hair;
He needs no lantern in the dark;
  His head throws all the glare.

Then also there's the Diener boy,
  Who hates to study hard.
If only he would study more,
  He'd have a better card.

And Anna Douthert is a girl,
  Who seems sedate and mild,
But anyone who knows her well,
  Knows Anna's rather wild.

The next one is Nannette Ehring,
  In gymnastics strong;
Many a One Bee she has trained,
  As they came along.

Her friend is Winifred Etheridge,
  A nice girl to behold.
In song she rounds those cupid lips,
  And sings with all her soul.

Miss Everts, next one on the list,
  We can remember well,
'Tis true she knows an awful lot
  She is afraid to tell.

Miss Fisher, is the class room vamp,
  Who surely can act wild;
To teachers she appears a saint—
  We know she's not *that* mild.

When Esther Fishbein does recite,
  Upon her desk she leans;
She stutters, shakes her head, and says,
  "I mean, I mean, I mean."

Dudley Foster seldom speaks,
  Of course you wonder why;
Perhaps you would not wonder so,
  If you were quite as shy.

Charles Frazier, our class president,
  Is a boy of "quiet" voice;
At meetings of the class his tones
  Are very rare and choice.

Evelyn Gardner's a dear little soul,
  Who does with knitting advance,
When she gets tired, as she often does,
  She'll "Hula Hula" dance.

Fred Glasser has an awful laugh,
  Why he just fairly shrieks,
The other boys receive the blame,
  And have to keep their seats.

Mary Glover loves her music,
  She can the piano play,
Selections beautiful she gave,
  Especially the One Bee's Day.

Dorothy Gorham is a girl,
  Who likes to talk at length;
In class she chatters endlessly,
  For one of such small strength.

One of our boys is Raymond Grasso,
  Who has the gift of gab;
He'd talk a gossip deaf and blind,
  His babble is that bad.

Altha Gray should change her name
  She should be "Lotta Pepp."
If good one day she chanced to be,
  Detention for her wept.

Grace Griffith has a pretty blush,
  Is very, very quiet;
To stop her whispering in class,
  She badly needs a diet.

Frances Grossel is a winning girl,
  That has a ready smile;
We hope she'll always wear it,
  E'en marching up the aisle.

Sam Halpern is the classroom bass,
  To teachers he's a pest;
When reading slow, he stutters so,
  And can't keep with the rest.

Mildred Hammell spends her time
  In writing many themes;
We wonder if the things she tells
  Are visions of her dreams.

Isabel Harper is quite shy,
  Her mildness is so rare;
When in her class she must recite
  Her blushes reach her hair.

Martin Haviar's a studious boy,
  Who plugs so hard each night,
That he's ready to prove next day
  His dome has a brilliant light.

Now Park. Herbell has black, black hair,
  Which surely must be oiled,
Because it's always just as smooth,
  And the part is never spoiled.

Now William Higgings is the boy,
  With a smile one cannot see,
A nine to him is *natural,*
  It would cause others glee.

Clifford Higby while in class
  Does act extremely gay;
He raises a racket in the room,
  And then goes on his way.

Madeline Holter we always admired,
  She likes such pretty style.
Everyone knows the reason though,
  There's Lawshe all the while.

David Hummel, our football star,
  Does play in many games.
His work in them, it knows no bounds,
  He's always watched by dames.

And here is Desmond Hunter too,
  A preacher's son you know;
But certainly such a face as that
  His actions do not show.

James Izon is the teacher's pet,
  Though stubborn as a mule,
And yet the teachers all do keep
  Him with them after school.

Oh, there is Doris Jamoneau
  Who would make Venus sigh,
Her smile and tresses do enchant,
  No wonder boys will try.

Gladys Judson next we see,
  A girl of black, black hair.
She likes to flirt with all the boys,
  And get them in her snare.

Norman Junker can debate,
  Why he's on our great team.
He speaks with force upon the stage,
  And makes our eyes all gleam.

Frank Kaltman is a noisy boy,
  A big, big bluffer too,
He tries to make his classmates think
  That nought to him is new.

Here is the grind at chemistry,
  For Kleinman must be such,
Because to know the book straight through,
  One sure must study much.

Miss May Knust a few faults has,
  To this we all agree;
A constant habit to show her tongue,
  When wrong in word or deed.

Ira Kolb no doubt is small,
  But his thoughts are large.
The girls he always hangs around,
  As if their little charge.

Dorthea Kopcloff walks upright,
  Her eyes turned toward the skies,
She's looking for the basketball
  To catch it as it flies.

And now along comes Miss Levine,
  A quiet girl and prudent;
But quietness goes with brains I guess,
  For Sophie's quite a student.

Now Mr. Lewi might be called
  A girl for being so fussy;
He's always dressed in proper style,
  And never does look mussy.

E. Limpert uses different rates
  Of speed at different times,
Now runs he fast, and then slows up,
  In reading metric lines.

Now Linehan is one of few
  Who in chem. do sure excel;
In this he'll pass, for he knows glass,
  So doubts he will dispel.

There is a boy who likes to boss
  And run all school affairs;
His name is Lippman and he has
  The most important airs.

Lisena, though a little shrimp,
  Wears ties of rainbow hue,
Now green, now yellow bright, now red,
  Now robin egg blue.

And then Manshel we also see,
  A boy who talks and talks;
He'll speak for hours in all debates
  But every lesson balks.

Margolis is a bluffer bold
  He likes to fool the teachers;
But judging from the methods used
  He thinks them stupid creatures.

And then there's Julius Marion,
  Who's been here many years,
We're sure if he does graduate,
  He'll shed most joyous tears.

Masi alone thinks he has wit,
  He says "smart" things in French;
He tries to crack a would-be joke
  Then looks to every bench.

Alvina McKenna is a child,
That's quiet when left alone.
If something's done she does not like,
Her pouting will atone.

Another girl we know quite well,
A Miss McMahon by name,
A sculptor's model she might be,
So still for hours, this dame.

To say Miss Menz is a charming girl,
Would put it very mild.
The virtues of the gods she has,
Yet meek as little child.

Not many boys are like Micone,
He's minus a strong will;
He has as much ambition as
Molasses on a hill.

Lois Miller's seldom here,
At home she likes to be.
But when to school she plans to come,
She knows as much as we.

There is that little Meyer Mink,
A boy of stature small,
But in his head there is enough
Of "nonsense" for us all.

Elaine Moffat speaks but little,
Unless she's spoken to.
Her friends she wins another way,
That's by her manner true.

Miss Gertrude Murray can act well,
The vaudeville is her doom.
In sixty-one she shows her speed,
Within that dear cloak room.

Helen O'Connor may be smart,
We doubt this not a bit;
Bue when she tries command in gym,
We nearly have a fit.

Virginia O'Connor stately is,
Her nose in Grecian type,
She walks and speaks like Juno true,
But less than she in height.

Now Thomas Palmer you may bet,
Will not let things slip by,
What in chem can be told him
But he is there with "why?"

Gladys Paulus is in *love,*
At least so they all say,
It was a very "thrilling" thing,
But now—he's gone away.

Ruth Patrick sure did take the cake,
The day she chanced to speak,
Her dear quotation, "Wait a minute,"
Will live for many a week.

Lambert Pickwick is a name
That shall for'er resound,
A jewel teachers say he was
Till he with Storch went 'round.

Charles Pilling is no doubt a "dude,"
Entitled to some fame;
That's why we all did feel for him,
In the "Four A" game.

Agnes Poole should be a saint,
Good company she does keep,
She longs for, sighs for, thinks for, pines for,
Her "Bishop" at her feet.

Rabone is a studious chap,
His chemistry can tell;
If asked where H_2O is found,
He'd answer "in a well."

Miss Rawlings is a maiden sly,
Who very childish seems,
One would not think that this same girl,
Of many fellows dreams.

Gerard Ricardi, a great farmer,
All kinds of seeds can sow,
He does not look like this tis true
But seems more fast than slow.

Jerome Reich has a drowsy gait,
As he goes on his way.
His head bent low, as if in thought
Of what in class to say.

Lew Ritchie is our football capt.,
A very clever guide;
When he the corridors does tread,
A "blonde" is by his side.

There is a girl who likes to knit,
Her name is Katharine Sayre,
In school she knits a great, great deal,
To seem both thrifty and fair.

Anon before us Schaffer comes,
Both quiet and sedate,
His lanky legs enable him
To race at spanking rate.

Now Sam Schapiro's favorite sport,
Is very rough and active,
The way that Sam plays checkers makes
The game most unattractive.

And now appears Miss M. Schleuter,
A student wise and bright;
The marks she gets upon her card,
Would make one lose his sight.

Elizabeth Schlink, of stocky build,
Is short as short can be,
If wishes could affect one's growth
Both tall and slim she's be.

Dorothy Sea unlike her name,
Is very very calm.
We think her end will be in church—
She'd do for singing psalms.

Now Helen Sheehan we all know
Has done much for our class,
Her drag with teachers is so great,
She'll get a "walk out" pass.

Miss Silberstein alone does think
That she can be our leader.
So highly we esteem her words
We neither hear nor heed her.

There is on over-studious girl
Her work is always done,
We'd faint if she would miss one day,
You've guessed, it's Ada Simpson.

Marion Smith's a very smart girl,
Who had a bright career,
She tried to follow wrong footsteps
And now for her we fear.

Miss Myra Smith retains a view
That's far too rare in school,
She never prides herself nor thinks
It smart to break a rule.

Edna Snow is changeable,
Just like the weather fair,
To-day so nice, to-morrow—you
Go near her if you dare!

Miss Spallone's turn is next ,
A girl who likes to primp,
Before the glass she spends much time,
Trying her hair to crimp.

Wallace Storch is full of fun,
He makes the dark days bright,
His tricks and humor know no bounds,
So cause him many a fight.

And then there's Sutton, Ray, you know,
At baseball he's a star,
But when it comes to real hard tasks,
His grit does not reach far.

Now Helen Tantum, she can sing,
A very pleasing tune,
The only fault we have to find,
She'll not do it at noon.

And then there's Taylor who you know,
At Latin must do fine,
For "papa" teaches Latin here,
So Walter's work is nine.

Miss Jean Urquhart, she talks so fast
You'd think she was an engine,
She sputters at a rapid rate,
Yet all her French has fringe on.

Miss Dot VanNess, you must confess,
'Tis she you'd like to know.
Her wit though sharp is always smart,
She dearly loves to blow.

And then there's Miss Verpillier too,
Whose cheeks are very red,
Because she hurries so to school
When rising late from bed,

Grace Vogt will ever see a joke,
Although no joke there be,
Just what she always laughs at
Is more than we can see.

Now George Wallhauser is a boy
Who doesn't like to study,
He works his brains so little, we fear
They must be getting muddy.

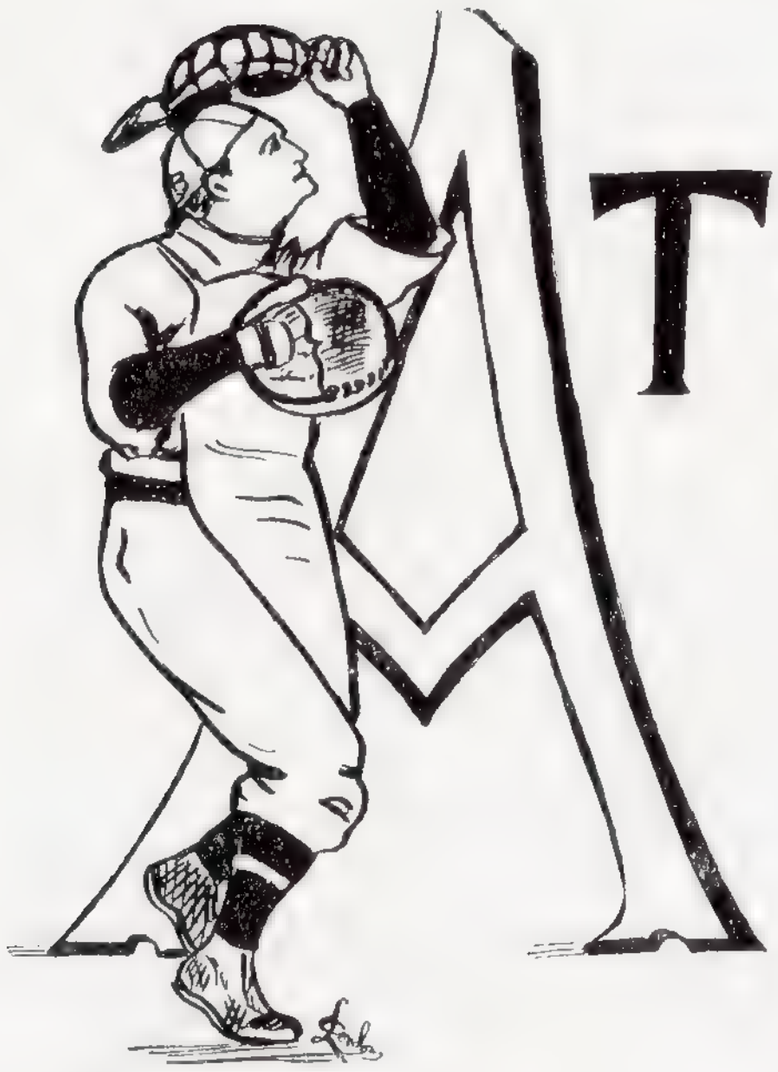
There is one boy who owns a smile
That's envied all around,
You know his name is Joseph Wong,
He can do all but frown.

Miss Mary White is our delight,
A merry maid is she.
Cheerful and gay she whiles away
Much time on poetry.

Harvey Williams has each week,
A crush on different girls,
The one he likes at present owns
Quite pretty golden curls.

And here Joe Zemel ends the list,
Composer we're sure he'll be,
Because muscians great, all wear
Their hair the same as he.

And now as to the end you come,
And see what we have done,
Remember that the things we said
Are really "jest for fun."



ATHLETICS

MORRIS BERG, *Ch.*
RAY SUTTON
SAMUEL SHAPIRO
DOROTHEA KOPELOFF
NANETTE EHRING

BARRINGER OPENS SEASON WITH VICTORY.

Barringer started off its baseball season in an auspicious manner by beating Harrison, 6-1. Roth, Barringer's choice, completely outguessed the opposing batsmen, holding them to one hit.

We began in the second inning by pushing two runs over the platter. Murphy received a free ticket and stole second. Sutton fanned the breezes and Mahon poked a safe slap to left center, sending Murphy across the pan with the first run of the season. Tankoss beat out a bunt and in the next play on a wild throw to first Mahon scored.

Three more blue-clad runners scampered over the rubber in the next inning. With one down Captain Crooks reached first on an error and pilfered the next two sacks. King and Murphy walked, populating the cushions. Sutton then tore off a timely liner to center cleaning the hassocks.

Barringer's last run came in in the fourth inning. Roth scored on "Zack" Sosnow's two-sack swat to left.

Harrison saver herself from a shut-out by chalking up a run in the fifth. Doll was safe on Sosnow's wild throw. Seperito sacrificed and Foster flied out. Roth couldn't see Devito and gave him a complimentary ticket. On an attempt to catch Devito stealing second, Murphy dropped Crooks' low throw, Doll scoring. The line-up:

Barringer.

	A.B.	R.	H.	E.
Sosnow, s.s.	3	0	1	1
Berg, 3b.	3	0	0	0
Crooks, c.	3	1	0	0
King, r. f.	2	1	0	0
Murphy, 2b.	1	2	0	0
Sutton, 1b.	3	0	1	1
Mahon, l.f.	3	1	1	0
Lankoos, c.f.	3	0	1	0
Roth, p.	3	1	1	0
*D'Allanagra, c.f.	1	0	0	0
Total	25	6	5	2

*For Tankoss.

Harrison.

	A.B.	R.	H.	E.
Gordon, c.f.	2	0	0	0
Duffy, 1b.	3	0	1	1
Flynn, s.s.	3	0	0	1
McCarthy, 3b.	2	0	0	1
Doll, 2b.	3	1	0	0
Seperito, r.f.	2	0	0	0
Foster, l.f.	2	0	0	0
Devito, c.	1	0	0	0
Devore, p.	2	0	0	1
Total	20	1	1	4

ANOTHER GAME FOR BARRINGER.

Barringer followed up its victory over Harrison by defeating Lincoln High of Jersey City, 9-1. It was a fine exhibition of Turner's superb twirling. He made fourteen opposing batsmen creak on their hinges reaching for his shoots.

We got our batting range in the second inning. Walsh started off with a one-base swat to right and Sutton duplicated. After a double steal was manceuvered, Mahon sent a single through the pitcher's box scoring Walsh and Sutton. Mahon took second on the throw in, stole third, and tallied on Turner's hot one at Wasserman. In the fourth, Barringer again chalked up two runs. Mahon got a life on an error. "Zack" Sosnow, with his well-worn willow, sent a sizzling steamer past Barry, sending Mahon to third. Berg singled, scoring the two runners ahead of him. On

the throw-in, Berg took third and tallied when King singled to right.

In the sixth, Barringer scored. Sosnow reached first, was advanced on Berg's hit, and scored on Crook's infield out.

"Clean-up" Murphy opened Barringer's half of the seventh with a wallop to left. "Murph" scored on Sutton's biff to center. Barringer scored its final run in the eighth when Turner uncorked a two-sack swat to the center garden and Berg poled one to right.

Lincoln's lone tally came across in the seventh the same way as in the Harrison game. On Crook's bad throw to second to get Glock, Dunn scored.

BARRINGER BOWS TO EAST ORANGE.

Our first interscholastic league contest was a hummer all the way through. It was a hard game to lose after making a sensational ninth-inning rally. Turner, our moundsman, faced Aschenback, a portside flinger, who was on the slab for the surburbanites.

East Orange began scoring in the first inning. Danforth skied to Murphy. Beckett gazed at four wide ones and ambled to first. Clark poked three holes in the scenery and Irwin tore off a screacher that nearly tore a leg off Berg, scoring Beckett. Higley grounded out for the third demise.

From this point to the ninth, the game was a pitcher's duel. The teams were retired in order in each session, with an occasional hit. Neither team threatened the plate.

In the ninth, the blue and white showed their invincible fighting spirit. "Moe" Berg started off with a single to right field. "Bill" Crooks caught one of Aschenback's benders on the nose and steered it to deep right center for two hassocks, sending Berg to third. King hit one that Beckett couldn't handle, scoring the two runners ahead of him. This raised Barringer's hopes to the skies. It looked like a sure victory for us. In their half of the ninth, East Orange sent two runners over the pan. Beckett grounded to Turner. "Baldy" Clark poked one to right field. King tried to nail him at first and threw past Walsh, when the ball came back in the diamond, Clark was perched on third. Irwin got in his third hit of the day right here, scoring Clark. A single by Ackley sent Irwin over the platter, ending the game.

The teams were evenly matched throughout the fray though "Dame Fortune" seemed to smile on our victors. "Zack" Sosnow, our peppery little short fielder, featured in the field for Barringer, scooping them up at all angles while "Coddie" Irwin was in the limelight for East Orange. The line-up:

Barringer.

	A.B.	R.	H.	E.
Sosnow, s.s.	3	0	1	0
Berg, 3b.	3	1	2	0
Crooks, c.	4	1	1	0
King, r.f.	4	0	0	1
Murphy, 2b.	4	0	0	0
Walsh, 1b.	4	0	1	0
Sutton, c.f.	4	0	0	0
Mahon, l.f.	3	0	0	1
Turner, p.	3	0	0	0
Total	32	2	5	2

East Orange.

	A.B.	R.	H.	E.
Danforth, c.f.	4	0	1	0
Beckett, 2b.	3	1	0	1
Clark, 3b.	4	1	1	0
Irwin, r.f.	4	1	3	0
Higley, c.	4	0	1	0
Ackley, 1b.	4	0	2	0
Unkles, l.f.	3	0	0	0
Wyngard, s.s.	2	0	0	2
Aschenback, p.	3	0	0	0
Total	31	3	8	3

MONTCLAIR TAKES BARRINGER'S MEASURE.

Barringer dropped its second interscholastic league contest to Montclair at the mountain town. It was a pitcher's battle between Turner and Ives, the latter getting the better of it. Both twirlers performed creditably; nineteen batsmen cashed in on good ones.

Montclair scored the only and winning tally of the game in the fifth stanza with two men down. Hovey singled to center and stole second. While Murphy was covering up second, Reddall, the mountainsider's crack first baseman, who keeps his "Trilby's" on the bag, shot a liner through the unguarded territory, sending Hovey over the rubber while King was nursing the pill.

It was a hard game to lose. We are offering no alibis, but just watch us, we'll get 'em the next time.

The line-up:

Barringer.

	A.B.	R.	H.	E.
Sosnow, s.s.	4	0	1	2
Berg, 3b.	4	0	1	0
Crooks, c.	4	0	2	0
King, r.f.	3	0	0	0
Murphy, 2b.	4	0	1	1
Walsh, 1b.	3	0	0	1
Lankoos, c.f.	4	0	0	0
Mahon, l.f.	3	0	0	0
Turner, p.	3	0	1	0
*Roth	1	0	0	0
Total	33	0	6	4

*Batted for Lankoos in the 9th.

Montclair.

	A.B.	R.	H.	E.
Beatty, c.f.	4	0	0	0
Hovey, r.f.	4	1	2	0
Reddall, 1b.	4	0	2	0
Ives, p.	3	0	0	0
Scheidning, 3b.	3	0	0	0
Lewisohn, c.	4	0	1	0
Brigham, 2b.	3	0	0	0
Foster, s.s.	3	0	0	0
Jacobus, l.f.	3	0	0	0
Total	31	1	5	0

LAWRENCEVILLE OVERWHELMS BARRINGER.

Barringer journeyed down to Lawrenceville only to lose to the fast prep. school boys. In the earlier part of the fray, it looked propitious for Barringer. At the end of the fourth inning, we had piled up five runs. Three were chalked up in the third through hits by Sutton and Berg, aided by two errors. Two tallies were added in the next inning when Roth holed out for a hit for the circuit, scoring Sutton ahead of him.

The Lawrenceville ball tossers batted the pill all over the lot in the fifth session, tallying five runs. Atwater and Larner were the heavy stick-wielders for the prep. boys, while "Zack" Sosnow and "Pep" Murphy shone in the field for us.

The Senior A girls have shown a fine spirit in their gymnastic work. Not alone were they captains and so assisted with the work but they also have taken part in the numerous events offered to the girls of Barringer. The first term, when just little 1Bs, they managed to have a basketball team. They even wore green ties. Although basketball did not prove to be a success for them, the time soon passed and they became 1As. Then too, they took part in an exhibition and showed that the Freshmen could do excellent work. In the fall basketball was again in season and as "Sophs" they did splendid work.

During the months following Christmas vacation, pains were taken to prepare for an indoor meet which was held in the gym. on March 30, 1916. In this meet many of the Senior A girls scored. Miss Etheridge won the rope climbing event, May Knust got second in a short dash, Nan Ehring showed Miss Schaffer how to jump high, Dot Kopeloff scored in the shot-put, and the Sophomore class relay team, now Senior A's, led the way to the tape.

In the fall of 1916 Miss Punzelt took charge of the girls' work. Again basketball was the sport but as Juniors they had no success. Swimming was taken up next. Then preparation was again made for an exhibition in the spring and the girls enjoyed the after-school apparatus and dancing classes.

After the summer vacation hockey was taken up. Many of the girls answered the call and the game was played until the weather became too cold.

Because hockey was played last fall, basketball was played this spring. Still after three and one-half years the Senior team has some of its original players. The last game of the series was played on Thursday, May 2, which resulted in the Seniors winning the championship. So the present 4A girls have responded well to the call of gym. work.

All the Senior A girls took part in the two parades and the two exhibitions.

(*Continued on page 77.*)

B MEN OF CLASS OF JUNE, '18.

LOUATH RITCHIE.

In "Lou" Ritchie, the class of June, '18, has one of the best athletes ever turned out at Barringer. He made his first appearance on the gridiron in 1914. For the next three years, '15, '17, "Lou" played regularly in the backfield for our husky pig-skin chasers. He has one of the most educated toes in this vicinity. You can all remember that fatal kick in '15, over the cross-bars, beating our ancient rivals, East Orange. In '16, he was invincible on the football field, but in '17, as Captain, he was at his best. That year, the blue and white romped away with two championships.

DAVID HUMMEL.

"Dave" Hummel made his *debut* in Barringer athletic ranks in 1915, winning a place on the football squad. The following year he earned his second year emblem. In 1917, "Dave's" efforts were rewarded when he became a regular on the eleven and earned his major B. Besides being a crack football player, Dave has been a member of the track team for three years, '16, '17, '18, specializing in the shot and discus.

CHARLES FRAZIER.

Charles Frazier, our fair class president, received his first opportunity to enter Barringer athletics in September, '17. Charlie certainly made the most of his chances and was considered by "Chief" the "find" of the season.

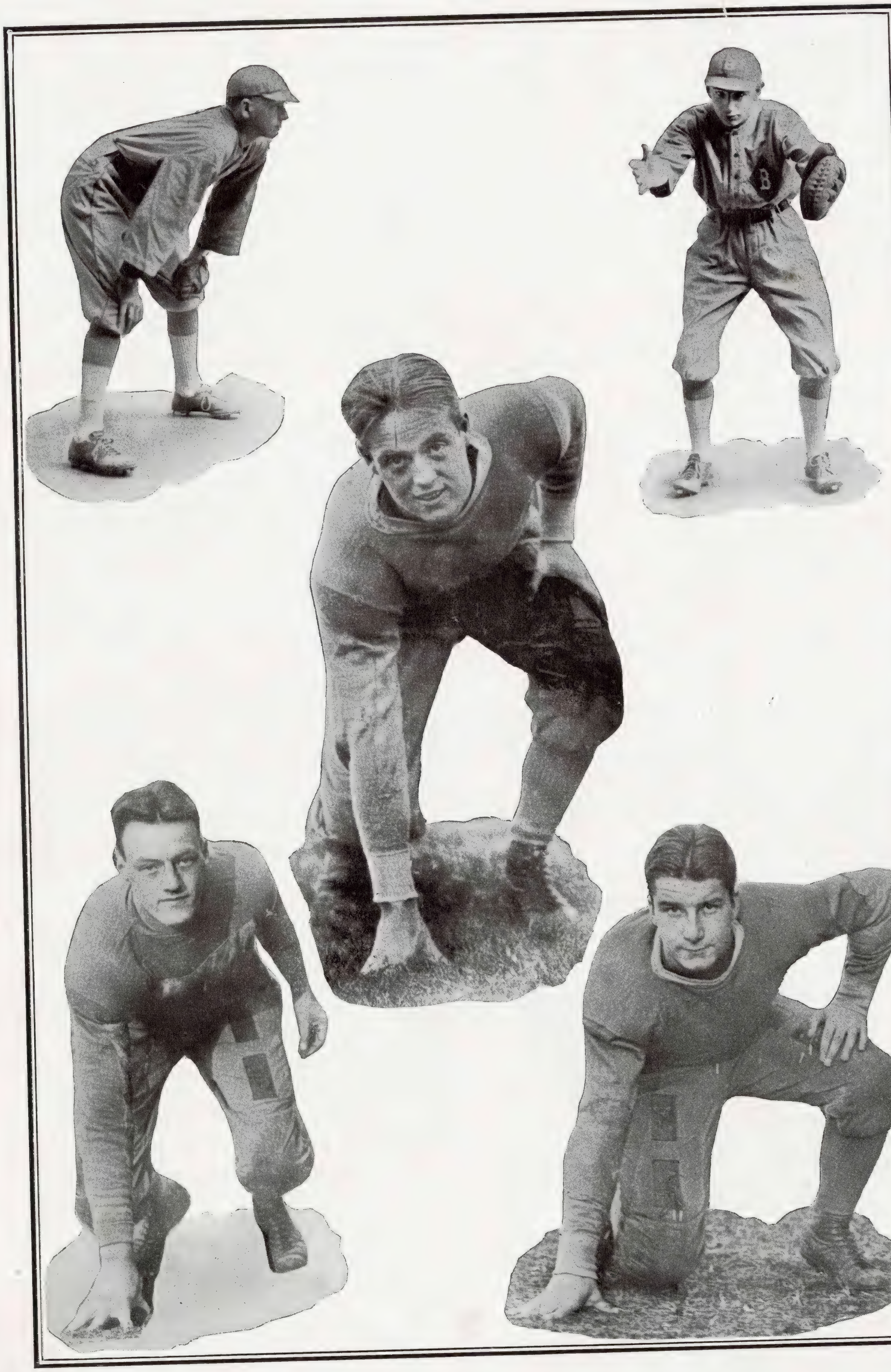
MORRIS BERG.

Morris Berg, a member of our illustrious class, has made himself notable during his high school career through his playing on the baseball team. "Moe" earned for himself a place on the team on his first appearance in '17, and has been a feature on third base.

WILLIAM CROOKS.

Will Crooks, our scrappy little baseball captain won his first recognition on the diamond in '16, when he was made catcher on the second team. Next year, '17, by his consistent batting and superb back-stopping, he earned the right to alternate with Pavese and received his varsity emblem.

Others who deserve honorable mention are Ray Sutton, Parker Herbell and Jack Bryden.



GIRLS BASKETBALL GAMES.

Sophomore-Senior Game.

After several weeks of practice, the first of the series of interclass basketball games was played on April 6, between the Sophomores and Seniors. Although everybody expected the Seniors to register an overwhelming victory, the "Sophs" showed a regular Barringer spirit. Miss Hickey, as center for the "Sophs" put up a splendid brand of ball. But the good work of the Senior guards, Miss Gardner and Miss Florence, coupled with the excellent team work of Capt. "Nan" Ehring and "Dot" Kopeloff proved the downfall of the "Sophs."

The line-up:

Seniors.	*Sophomores.*
Knust	Marcell
Thomas	Coult
Forwards.	
Ehring, (Capt.)	Denton
Kopeloff	Hickey
Centers.	
Gardner	Hock (Capt.)
Florence	Durand
Guards.	

JUNIOR-FRESHMEN GAME.

On Tuesday, April 16, the Juniors met the Freshmen in their first game. The Juniors thought they were going to have an easy time, but the "Freshies" gave them a big, startling surprise, by scoring 15 points to the Juniors 30. The "Freshies" had no trouble in making a basket when they got the ball, but the Juniors had considerable hard luck in making their baskets. It is the first time in several years that the Freshmen score ever ran up in the 'teens. You are doing splendidly, keep it up "Freshies," some day you will be "Champs."

Line-up:

Junior.	*Freshmen.*
C. Wood	Wandling, Capt.
Lefkowitz	Trumbauer
Forwards.	
Reed, Capt.	Berry
Kanefsky	Myers
Centres.	
Rathbone	Klick
Chandler	Moretti, Walsh, sub.
Guards.	

SENIOR-FRESHMEN GAME.

The results of the Senior-Freshmen game was also a big surprise to the Seniors, as on the following Thursday they faced the Freshmen. The Seniors, themselves were somewhat shaky, but as fortune smiled upon them, they succeeded in winning the game. Credit must be given to the "Freshies," but a weakness in one place can spoil the good work and playing of the whole team.

Much encouragement was given to the "Freshies," not alone by Miss Patrick and Miss Whitney, but also by the Senior boys on the side lines.

The game was fast, few fouls being called and thus the Seniors won their second game with a score of 34-7.

JUNIOR-SOPHOMORE GAME.

The fourth of the series of games was played in the gym., on April 23, between the Juniors and "Sophs." Although the Juniors were confident of gaining an easy victory, the "Sophs" handed them a surprise package labeled 19-16.

Miss Ethel Hickey and Miss Evelyn Hock starred for the "Sophs."

The Juniors, nevertheless, revealed their fine spirit in the face of defeat.

The line-up:

Juniors.	*Sophomores.*
Wood	Coult
Lefkowitz	Bailey
Forwards.	
Reid, Capt.	Denton
Kanefsky	Hickey
Centres.	
Rathbone	Hock, Capt.
Chandler, Schaffer	Durand
Guards.	

SENIORS ARE CHAMPS.

The Senior-Junior basketball game, the last of the series, was not quite as exciting as was anticipated. Nevertheless the Seniors had to work hard to beat the strong Junior team. The team-work of Nan Ehring and Dot Kopeloff, the Senior centres, had a lot to do with the result of the game, for Barringer has yet to see better playing in the centre. Miss Ehring, although almost a head shorter than Miss Reed, the Junior jumping centre, got the jump every time and Miss Kopeloff followed up the ball, so that it made it almost impossible for the Junior forwards to get the ball. But the Juniors succeeded in scoring seven points against the twenty-eight of the Seniors. The Seniors are now the undisputed champions, for this season, of the Girls' Interclass Basketball League of Barringer.

The line-up:

Seniors.	*Juniors.*
M. Knust	E. Wood
M. Thomas	E. Lefkowitz
Forwards.	
N. Ehring, Capt.	D. Reed, Capt.
Centre.	
D. Kopeloff	M. Reiss
Side Centre.	
J. Florence	D. Schaffer
E. Gardner	R. Rathbone
Guards.	

JOKES

NORMAN JUNKER, *Ch.*
MAY KNUST
MARION SMITH
DOROTHY GORHAM

O. I. C.

Atz's asking alms for aching armies.
Brown's buying bonds on Birdsall's birthday.
Crook's catching curves as cold as Castles.
Dick is digging damp and dirty ditches.
Ehring's eating eggs on Easter evening.
Frazier's finding fault with frisky freshies.
Gray's giving guns to gentle generals.
Higby's halting Huns with handy helmets.
Izon's inking ideal ivory images.
Judson's juggling jokes for jealous Juniors.
Kleiman's keeping klose to kill the Kaiser.
Limpert's looking long at little lovers.
Mentz's making mush for merry monkeys.
No one's needing news from neutral nations.
O'Connor's offering oats to others over there.
Pilling's planting plenty for patriotic purposes.
Quaker's quitting quarrels with quibbling Queens.
Ricardi's rescuing ranks of retreating rookies.
Sutton's singing songs to shipwrecked soldiers.
Tantum's telling tales of terrible torture.
Urquhart's urging us to uplift unions.
Vogt's viewing vans of vicious villains.
Walhauser's waging war on wasteful women.
X's 'xerting 'xciting and 'xhilerating 'xercises.
Yunker's yelling, "Yonder, youthful yeomen."
Zemel's zinking Zepher's zealous Zebras.

Izon—I hear your brother's in jail.
Hummel—Never mind about my brother.
Izon—Oh, I don't have to mind him; there are men paid for minding him.
Hummel—Sey, Jim; were you ever in jail?
Izon—I must say that I was once.
Hummel—When was that?
Izon—The day I brought you your lunch.

Glasser—How do you feel, Hock?
Hock—I have an awful cold in my head.
Glasser—That's lucky!
Hock—Lucky? How's that?
Glasser—You're lucky to have something in it.

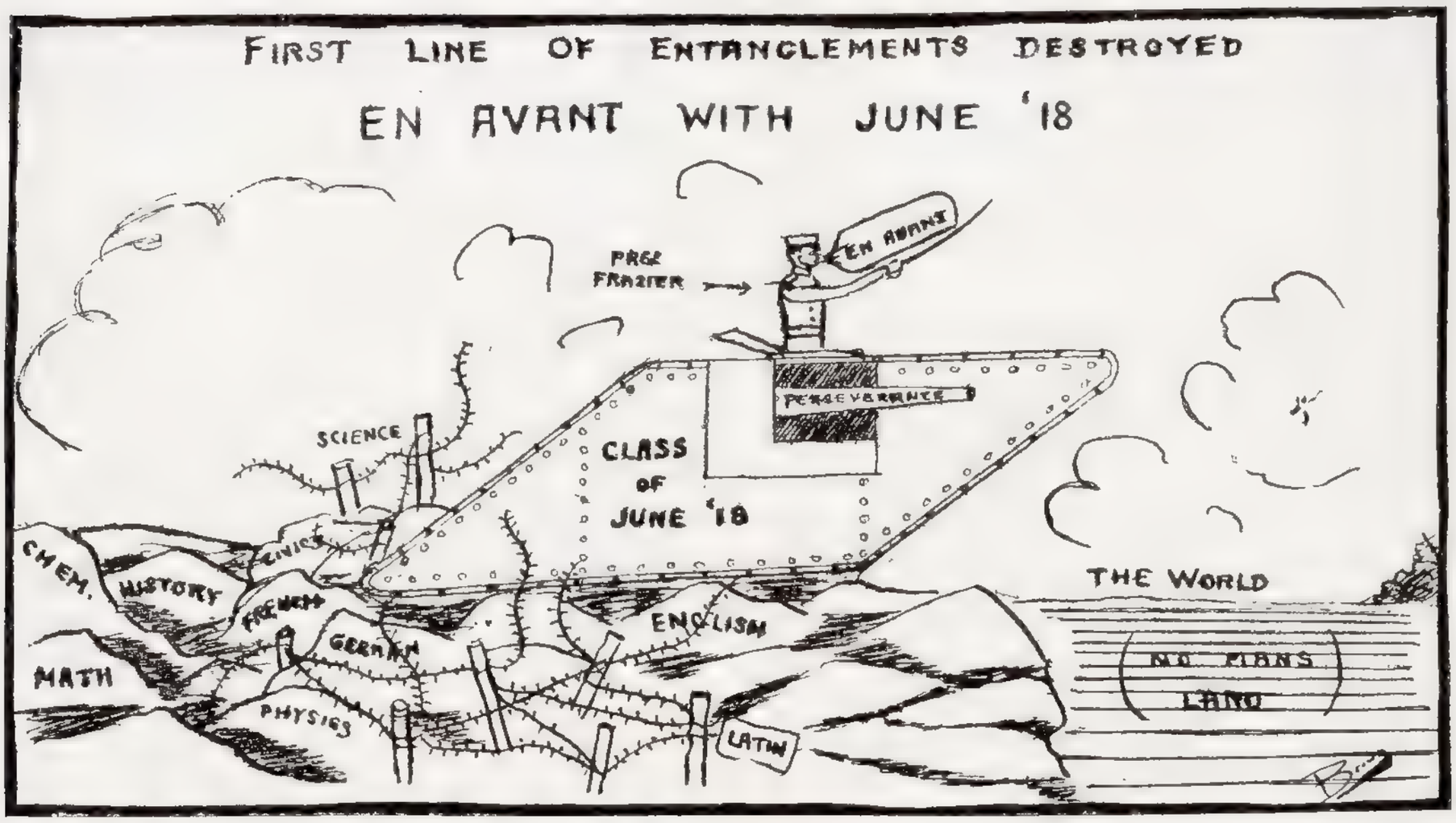
Teacher—Can anyone tell me where the Declaration of Independence was signed?
Mary Fisher—Yes, sir; it was signed at the bottom.

Lawshe—Which is the most delicate of the senses?
Pickwick—Why, I don't know, which is?
Lawshe—The touch!
Pickwick—How's that?
Lawshe—Well, when you sit on a pin, you can't see it, you can't hear it, you can't taste it, but you know that it's there.

Counsel—Come, sir, do you mean to tell me you didn't see the complainant's cow on the land? How near should you be to a beast to recognize it?
Witness—About the distance I am from you.

Miss Patrick, in Gym—My! but you girls have large feet.
Madeline (cheerfully)—There is some consolation in having them, though. Think how much more our Xmas stockings hold than yours.

May Knust—Miss Smith, it's cold in this room.
Miss Smith—Open your German Book, we'll take an exercise.



Young Man—What a beautiful dog, Katherine! Is he affectionate?

Young Lady—Yes, indeed. Here, Bruno! Come, good doggie, and show him how to kiss me.

Uncle Pete—Engaged to four girls at once? How do you explain such shameless conduct?

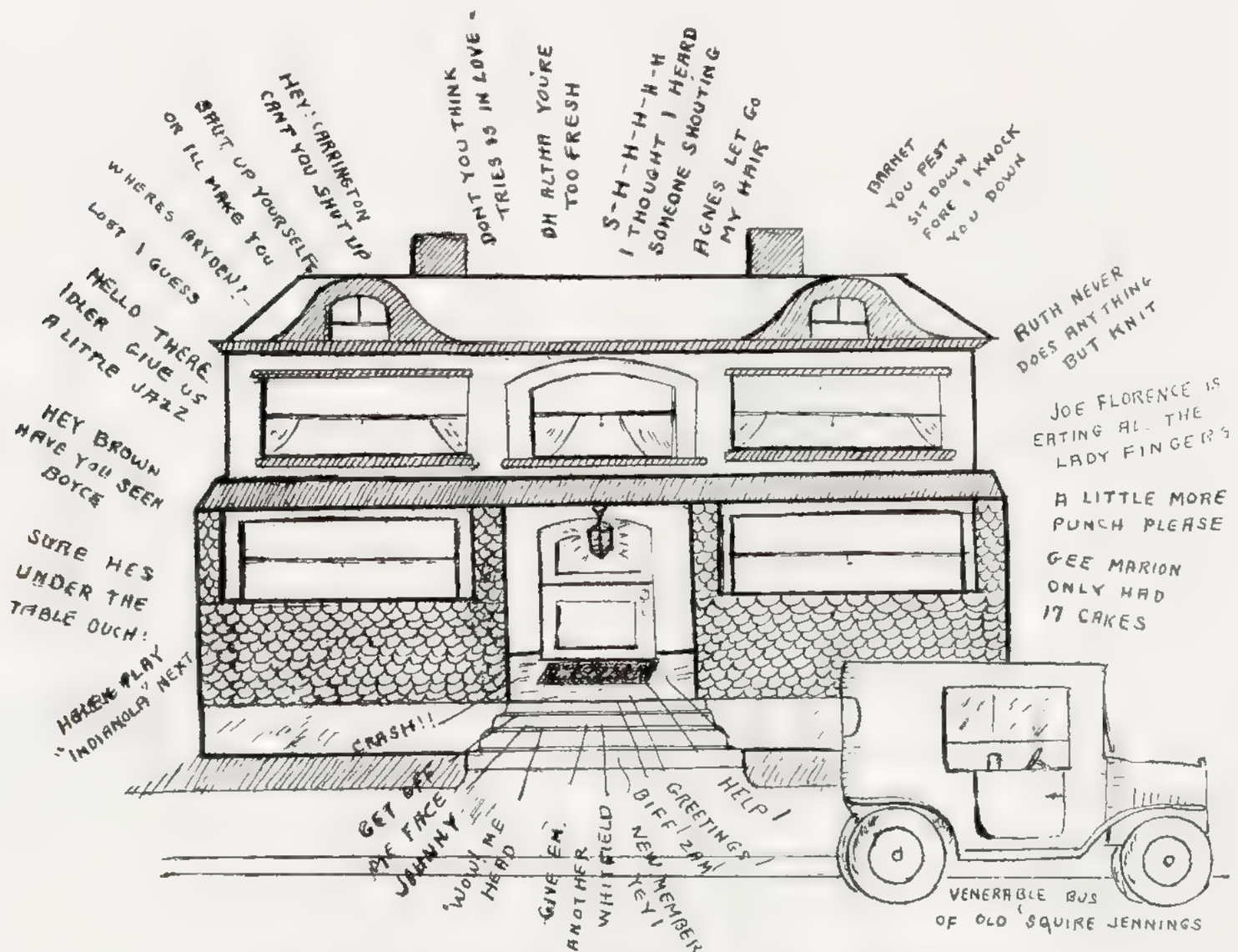
Nephew—I don't know! I guess Cupid must have shot me with a machine gun.

Senior—Pardon me for walkin on your feet, little man.

Freshie—Oh, that's all right, I walk on them myself.

He—My ancestors came over in the *May-flower*.

She—That's lucky; the immigration laws are a little stricter now.


HEY! CARRINGTON CANT YOU SHUT UP
SHUT UP YOURSELFF OR ILL MAKE YOU
WHERES BRYDEN? LOST I GUESS
HELLO THERE IDLER GIVE US A LITTLE JAZZ
HEY BROWN HAVE YOU SEEN BOYCE
SURE HES UNDER THE TABLE OUCH!
HOLLER PLAY "INDIANOLA" NEXT
DONT YOU THINK SHE TRIES TO IN LOVE -
OH ALTHA YOURE TOO FRESH
S-H-H-H-H-H I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE SHOUTING
AGNES LET GO MY HAIR
DARNET YOU PEST SIT DOWN FORE I KNOCK YOU DOWN
RUTH NEVER DOES ANYTHING BUT KNIT
JOE FLORENCE IS ERTING AL THE LADY FINGERS
A LITTLE MORE PUNCH PLEASE
GEE MARION ONLY HAD 17 CAKES
CRASH!!
GET OFF MY FACE JOHNNY
WOW! ME HEAD
GIVE EM ANOTHER WHITFIELD
NEW MEMBER KEY!
BIFF! ZAM!
GREETINGS!
HELP!
VENERABLE BUS OF OLD 'SQUIRE JENNINGS

NO NOT THE BOLSHEVIKI IN SESSION

JUST A SOCIABLE "Acropolis BOARD MEETING

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right;
What time did that Senior leave,
Who came in his car last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his hat and went away,
Just a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her dark blue eye,
And her dimple deeper grew;
"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."

Star-beams from our teachers:

Mr. Noll—None of you girls know anything to-day, but if you must talk, please talk to yourselves.

Birdsall—Say, Joe, how did the proofs of your pictures turn out?

Joe Brown—Oh, me, I look like an advertisement for Overbrook.

IN LATIN.

She—He pushed back his raven locks from his shaved scalp.

He—She took off her face.

The blue waves rolled over the broad shores of entire Italy.

First Lord—They say the Duchess is just wrapped up in her clothes.

Second Lord—My eye, sir, I must be getting blind.

Mr. King (dictating)—Tell, me, oh slave, where is thy horse?

Burke (startled)—It's in my pocket, but I'm not using it.

Teacher—Since you do not know when Moses lived, open your Old Testaments and see what it says there.

Freshie—Moses, 4000.

Teacher—Now, why didn't you know when Moses lived?

Freshie—I thought it was his telephone number.

Beth Bolles—There was a big fight in a restaurant up our way last night.

Dot See—What about?

Beth Bolles—Oh, the roll soaked the coffee.

Freida Hughes—Say, Dot, do you like music?

Dot Gorham—Oh, not so very much.

Frieda H.—Then why do you always carry a band around with you?

Haviar—Why is life the greatest riddle?
Kleinman—I don't know.
Haviar—Because we all have to give it up.

Man (in passing car)—Have an accident, fellow?
Man (under car, grimly)—No, thanks, just had one.

Fred—Why was the ankle placed between the foot and the knee?
Ritchie—I give it up.
Fred—To keep the calf away from the corn.

Mosé, a colored gent had just returned home from the army exam. board. His wife, Liza, met him at the door.
Liza—Fo de land ob goodness Mos', what's de mattah with yo'?
Mosé—Li', ahs got bad teeth.
Liza—Mos', ah's knew yo' had to shoot 'em, but ah never knew yo' had to eat 'em too.

Our treasurer's name is Bryden,
From him we are always hidin'
He takes the class dues
Whenever we choose
And him we shall always confide in.

A fellow whose name is Fritz
Tried to make use of his wits
But such an intention
Caused an hour's detention
Now, Fritz doesn't experiment with wits.

Miss Vogt—I've lost an awful lot of sleep lately.
Miss Snow—How's that?
Miss Vogt—Our new minister bangs the pulpit with his fist something fierce.

Miss Holter—The North had a greater textile industry than the South.
Dr. Mathews—How did that help them in the war?
Miss H.—Then they didn't have to depend on foreign countries for food.
Dr. Mathews—Oh, you mean textiles like potatoes?

HEARD AND SEEN AT LUNCHEON GIVEN BY GIRLS OF 61.

Miss Fisher (cutting cake)—Watch Mary White go for this piece—it's a little bigger than the rest.

Miss Jamoneau (viewing table)—I wonder if there's anything I missed.

We all wondered why Marion Smith's face was so red, but we all noticed that she sat next to the punch.

Izon—Did you ever see a cowardly tomato?
Miss K.—No, what kind is that?
Izon—One that hits you in the face and runs—a soft one.

Anna Douthert—What is that from which the whole may be taken and some still remain?
Dot VanNess—I give up. What's the answer?
Anna D.—The word wholesome.

A girl whose cognomen was Gray,
Bought stamps for her friend every day.
Said she, "I'll surprise her
By canning the Kaiser
In this economical way."

Mr. Noll—Please give me your absence card.
Miss Freshette—I was here yesterday. Don't you remember last night after school?

Joe Brown—I had a headache when I came here but I've lost it now.
Angeline S.—Oh, it isn't lost, I've got it.

Helen O'Connor—Why is a pig a paradox?
Olvina McKenna—Why?
Helen—Because it is killed first and cured afterwards.

Ad for the ACROPOLIS:
U. DIE & I. BERRY,
UNDERTAKERS.

Mary Fisher—Hurrah! five dollars for my latest story. The expressman lost it taking it to the ACROPOLIS printers.

He—What kind of leather makes the best shoes?
She—Don't know, but banana skins make good slippers.

The biggest joke of the year—The 4B minstrel.

Burke Boyce—You musn't be so excitable. Learn to take things cool.
Altha Gray—All right, I'll take an ice cream soda to begin with.

Dot VanNess—Why is the letter G like the sun?
K. Sayre—Don't know.
Dot VanNess—Because it is the center of light.

"I is," began Bill.
"I am, not I *is*" corrected the English teacher.
"I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," Billy went on.

OVERCHARGED.

Son—Why does a cannon kick?
Papa—I guess they charged it too much.—*Ex.*

Harry—Ma, can the new maid see in the dark?
Mother—No, why?
Harry—Because I heard her tell her beau in the hall last night that he hadn't shaved.—*Ex.*

As fish run in schools, the bookworm would seem to be the proper bait for them.—*Ex.*

May White—I've had enough of knocks, it's a wonder I'm not covered with bumps.

Mrs. Caspari—Hock, do you want an identification card?
Hock—I don't need one, everybody knows me.

Madam—Put plenty of nuts in the cake.
Cook—I'll crack no more nuts to-day, me jaw hurts me already.

Mr. Hart—What did Santhey and Coleridge plan?
Storch—Er-er—Santhey was going to be Coleridge's brother-in-law.

Miss Hill—Ritchie, what letter shall we use for these three dimensions?
Ritchie—P. O. N.

Miss Kusel (to VI period class)—I think you really sang well, that's why you won.
Mary Fisher—Oh, it wasn't the singing. It was because we're better known.

IN MUSIC.

Miss Darnell—If you double a flat, what do you get?
Mary Fisher—A house!

Miss Darnell—I'm moving it down a flat, just to try to get it into Miss Fishbein's brain.

Joe Brown (in class picture)—See, I have my comb, but where's my puff?

Our Ed is anxious to know if his socks took a good picture.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

Lippman, your hands spoil it! Remove the obstruction, please.

A HINT FOR TAKING A GOOD PICTURE.

Hey, Zemel, don't look hungry!

Miss Darnell—Who sits there?
Evelyn Gardner—I do.
Miss Darnell—I don't see you.
Evelyn—I'm here.

EXPLOSION!

The basketball hit May White and shattered the powder.

Teacher—The poet says it is food for what?
Pickwick (trying to get ten)—For squirrels.

Although her name may be White, she also admires Brown.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
As he hit his toe against the bed
:—:—:—?-?-?—!—!—!?-?-?—:—*Ex.*

"I say, doctor, did you ever doctor another doctor?
"Oh, yes."
"Well, tell me this: Does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor in his own way?"—*Ex.*

Harry Rose
Sat on a tack,
Harry Rose.

Miss Ehring—Did you hear that England is going to give Ireland to France?
Junker—No, why?
Miss E.—So they can make Paris green.

HEARD IN 63.

Teacher—In what language did Scott write?
Higgins—Scottish brogue!

Miss Murray—Say, did you read in the paper that Barney was discharged from the army?
Miss Knust—What did he do now?
Miss M.—He was sent out for recruits and he brought back fatimas.

Teacher (in Economics)—They say corporations have no souls.
Higgins—How about the shoe trust?

Miss Barton—What is it they have in Brooklyn that they haven't got in New York?
Miss McMahon—The other end of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Kolb—There's a school in Europe where only noblemen's sons are admitted.
Miss Smith—A sort of knight's school, I suppose?

Dave—Do you know there's a woman in the moon?
George—How'd you find that out?
Dave—A sailor told me.
George—How does the sailor know?
Dave—Hasn't he been to sea?

D. VanNess—I left my watch upstairs and it ran down.

GRACE CAIRNS, *Ch.*
JACK BRYDEN

HOLLINS' PART IN THE WAR.
HOLLINS COLLEGE, VIRGINIA.

I DOUBT whether many of you have ever heard much about Hollins College. If I had written this a year or two ago, I should probably have told you about our athletics here, our excellent basketball teams, our national championship for the standing broad jump, etc. I also could tell you about the wonderful location of Hollins, between the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains, and the lovely country around here. I might tell you about beloved Tinker Mountain and our yearly hike to the top of it. You might be interested to hear about our excellent academic and musical departments.

But as the chief topic in everyone's mind today is the great war, I shall try to tell you what part Hollins is taking to help Uncle Sam.

At the beginning of the year the faculty started the work of offering several emergency courses such as first aid, surgical dressings, home hygiene, and economics, typewriting, etc. Several of the rooms in our Science Hall were turned over to the surgical dressings department, and an official instructor obtained. Since then we have graduated two classes and have sent 50,000 dressings to the Red Cross Headquarters in Roanoke.

The Seniors decided to have a Red Cross tag day from which the proceeds went to buy wool and materials for the surgical dressings. Besides this several entertainments have been given for the Red Cross. To increase this fund and to help in the conservation of food the girls petitioned and obtained three wheatless, three butterless and three dessertless meals a week, and one meatless meal a day. The money saved from this goes to our local Red Cross which boasts of the membership of every girl in school.

Everywhere on the campus during recreation hours and going to and from meals you see girls knitting socks, sweaters, wristlets, etc. Those who did not know how to knit felt out of place, and soon learned. Now nearly every girl spends her spare time knitting for "Uncle Sam's" soldier boys. So far we have spent seven hundred sixty-five dollars for wool, and have turned out a surprising number of knitted articles. These do not include articles made by the girls for their own friends and relatives.

When the call came to college students to contribute to the Student Friendship War Fund, Hollins answered with vim. She came in second on the list of Virginia Colleges and stood far ahead of Randolph—Macon, which is nearly twice her size.

A member of our faculty is agent for War Savings Stamps, and several Thrift Stamp Clubs have been organized in college. Different organizations, nearly every member of the faculty and some of the girls have purchased Liberty Bonds in this Third Liberty Loan Drive.

Many of the girls and all the sororities support Belgian or French war orphans. Also most of the sororities and other organizations contribute largely to the different war activities.

So you see that Hollins is doing her part and as the slogan goes, "giving till it hurts." These are some of the features which make Hollins so dear to all who know her.

KATHERYNE DAVIS, B. H. S., '16
Hollins College, '20.
Hollins, Va.

HOW SMITH COLLEGE IS DOING HER BIT.

WHEN I came back to Smith last fall, it was with the feeling that the year at college would be wasted. In fact I did not want to come back at all for that reason. I think that many people feel that way in these war times—that there is something big and helpful they can do that would be so much better than spending their

time in improving their minds in a seemingly selfish way at college. But after seeing all the work that Smith is doing directly and indirectly for the war, no one could feel that she was wasting time here. The very studying, which may seem to you selfish and useless, is a preparation for more efficient work after graduation.

The war work here is so varied that everyone can find something to suit her talents or inclination. There is the Red Cross work. We have three large rooms in the college buildings where a nurse is employed, and graduates of surgical dressings classes instruct, and these rooms are filled every hour of the day with girls, making pads, wipes and bandages. There are classes in surgical dressings, home nursing, and first aid all the time, which are always filled up.

For those otherwise minded there are courses in food conservation, dietetics, and canteen cooking, which are extremely good. There is a farming class, run by the botany department, which has been very enthusiastically attended by the girls, and the "farmers" are going to work this summer on our own Smith farm.

Last but not least, is the course in automobile mechanism, in which I am specially interested, since I am one of the would-be "mechanics." If we pass an examination after this course, we shall get a certificate permitting us to drive for the Government, but I don't know how many of us will get that far. Having overhauled a Franklin and a Ford we feel as if we knew everything now, but that impression will probably not last long if many of us have brothers at home. Much knitting is going on, and the girls turn in many socks and sweaters for the Red Cross and the Smith College Relief Unit in France.

This unit, composed of Smith graduates of various classes, has done wonderful work in reconstructing seventeen entire villages which had been devasted in Northern France. They have had to move back before the present German drive, but they do not feel that their work has been unrewarded. We are all very proud of our alumnae sisters, and even though we cannot be in France, we are all trying to "do our bit" here.

MARJORY LEE, B. H. S., '16.
Smith, '20.

HERE TO STAY!

The Newark Normal School of Physical Education and Hygiene has opened at a most opportune time. Just now there is a great and growing demand for teachers of physical training. The importance of parallel physical and mental training is at last being universally recognized, and Newark has placed at the disposal of its ambitious young men and women the means of pursuing professional courses of study in physical education.

A faculty of chosen experts in the various departments, a well-equipped building, and an earnest student body, assure this school a place in the ranks with the best educational institutions of the city. Come and see for yourself! Let our director, Mr. Morris, show you how to combine work of the highest quality with enjoyment of the keenest sort.

Up to date Barringer is giving the students a tight race for scholarships. Miss Mildred Gilbert and Miss Margaret Quinn of the class of January, '13, Miss Ruth Stevens, June, '17, Miss Rose Popkin, January, '17, and Miss Dorothy Jones of the class of January, '15, are numbered among the students.

MARGARET QUINN.

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l'ALLIANCE FRANCAISE
DE NEWARK

Madri le 28 Mai 1918
dans le Barringer Auditorium

EXCHANGE

ETTA BENDER, *Ch.*
GRACE VOGT

EXCHANGES.

The ACROPOLIS wishes to express its thanks for the following exchanges, which have come during the past month:

PREP. SCHOOL EXCHANGES.

Boys' Lantern (Nashville, Tenn.), *Commerce Caravel* (New York City), *Distaff* (Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.), *Erasmian* (Brooklyn N. Y.), *Freehold High School Log* (Freehold, N. J.), *High School Chronicle* (Danbury, Conn.), *Impressions* (Scranton, Pa.), *Karux* (Phillipsburg, N. J.), *Lincolnian* (Tacoma, Washington), *Optimist* (South Side, Newark, N. J.), *Oracle* (Plainfield, N. J.), *Orient* (East Side, Newark, N. J.), *Rahway Pow Wow* (Rahway, N. J.), *Spectator* (Trenton, N. J.), *Student* (Portsmouth, Va.), *Vincentian* (Newark, N. J.).

COLLEGE EXCHANGES.

Black and Magenta (New Concord, Ohio), *Campus* (Rochester, N. Y.), *Daleville Leader* (Daleville, Va.), *Lafayette* (Easton, Pa.), *New Yorker* (New York, N. Y.), *Polytechnic* (Troy, N. Y.), *Syracuse Daily Orange* (Syracuse, N. Y.), *Targum* (Rutgers, N. J.), *Tech. News* (Worcester, Mass.), *Tripod* (Hartford, Conn.), *Welseyan Argus* (Middletown, Conn.), *Williams Record* (Williamstown, Mass.).

MISCELLANEOUS.

Counter Currents (Bamberger Co., Newark, N. J.), *Boy's Life* (Boy Scout Magazine).

THE KARUX,
PHILLIPSBURG, N. J.

Your little paper is interesting and would be doubly so if the Literary Department were enlarged. One short story does not comprise a good department. Your Athletic Department is full and entertainingly written. We hope "Exchanges" will soon reappear in *The Karux*.

THE DALEVILLE HEADER,
DALEVILLE COLLEGE,
DALEVILLE, VA.

The contents of the *Leader* is exceptionally good, but why not put editorials and literature under separate headings. "Forgotten" is well written and snappy. Cuts would add to the general interest and appearance of your paper.

ERASMIAN,
ERASMUS HALL HIGH SCHOOL,
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

The *Erasmian* is one of our best exchanges this month. We find no department lacking. The great variety of your athletics makes that department a wonder in a school paper. Your jokes are peppy but why not have a few more?

ORIENT,
EAST SIDE HIGH SCHOOL,
NEWARK, N. J.

Every department of the *Orient* is edited in the best of style with the literature perhaps the most meritorious. Your paper is so excellent, *Orient,* that we hesitate in suggesting that a longer exchange department would raise your standard still higher. Why not experiment and watch results?

HIGH SCHOOL CHRONICLE,
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT.

Your paper, *High School Chronicle,* is very neat and attractive in appearance. The Editorial Department contains good work. Why not add a personal or joke department? This department along with some snappy cuts would add to your paper greatly. The number of ads shows that your business managers are busy. Come again.

Your Easter number is well arranged and has an appropriate as well as an attractive cover. A portion of your paper devoted to athletics would make *The Vincentian* complete.

THE VINCENTIAN,
ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,
NEWARK, N. J.

We are glad to welcome you back into the exchange list after your reorganization. You have made a good start. A few good stories and a table of contents would improve *Pow Wow*.

THE RAHWAY POW WOW,
RAHWAY HIGH SCHOOL,
RAHWAY, N. J.

"AU REVOIR."

In the words of countless numbers of critics who have gone before us, "With this number we lay aside our pens." Our task has been a most pleasant one, although in some of our criticisms, perhaps, we did not speak as if we were enjoying ourselves. The papers we received were all good. The flaws we discovered were only minor ones for the most part, and were easily outweighed by the good points we praised. One paper almost tickled us to death when it thanked us for criticizing it adversely. To you, new exchanges received this month, and to our old friends, we hope these words are received in the best of faith.

The cover design of your Athletic Number is not attractive enough for a High School paper. Where are your stories? Have you no literary department? Your athletic department is conducted very well. "Football Review" is a good idea. Add a table of contents, also some snappy cuts, and your paper will be a better success.

IMPRESSIONS,
SCRANTON CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL,
SCRANTON, PA.

The contents of your "live" magazine lives up to its very attractive appearance. Your exchange and literary departments are great. The cartoons are original and plentiful.

THE COMMERCE CARAVEL,
HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE,
NEW YORK CITY.

Glad to hear from you, *Lincolnian*. Your paper is fair, but needs some improvement. Add an exchange department and some snappy cuts. Do not mix your ads with the main part of your paper. "Baby Biographies" is an excellent idea. Let us hear from you again.

LINCOLNIAN,
LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL,
TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

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FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 24, 1918
AT 8 O'CLOCK

TICKETS - - - 25 cents

ATHLETICS

(*Continued from page* 65.)

Those active in gym. work are:

ATZ, HELEN
Swimming, '16.

BOLLES, ELIZABETH
Baseball, '14.

EHRING, NAN
Basketball Captain, '14, '15, '16, '18.
Baseball, '14.
Meet, '16.
Tennis, '17.
Hockey, '17.

ETHRIDGE, WINIFRED
Meet, '16.

GARDNER, EVELYN
Basketball, '18.

HOLTER, MADELINE
Meet, '16.

JAMOUNEAU, DORIS
Basketball, '16, '18.
Hockey, '17.

KNUST, MAY
Basketball, '14, '15, '16, '18.
Meet, '16.
Swimming, '16.

KOPELOFF, DOT
Meet, '16.
Baseball, '14.
Basketball, '14, '15, '16, '18.
Hockey, '17.

THOMAS, MONA
Swimming, '16.
Tennis, '17.
Basketball, '16, '18.
Hockey, '17.
Meet, '16.

Senior girls who have been captains during their course are:

Atz, Helen
Bolles, Elizabeth
Ehring, Nan
Etheridge, Winifred
Evertz, Alvina
Fisher, Mary
Gardner, Evelyn
Jamoneau, Doris
Knust, May
Kopeloff, Dot
McKenna, Alvinia
Miller, Lois
Moffet, Elaine
O'Connor, Helen
Paulus, Gladys
Silverstein, Charlotte
Smith, Marion
Sayre, Katherine
Urquhart, Jean
Vogt, Grace.

They went into a movie show
In time to see it start,
And prim, precise and proper like
They set quite far apart.
But, oh, the hero wooed the girl,
Twice, oh, he stole a kiss,
And when the lights came on again,
Theysatupcloselikethis.

—*Ex.*

He that wisheth to rise with the sun must not sit up too late with the daughter.—*Ex.*

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